



The British Columbia Teachers' Federation

Offers hearty congratulations to all students of 1923-24 who have successfully graduated from The Victoria Normal School, and takes this opportunity of wishing each and all, every future success in the teaching profession.

The Federation also desires to extend to every graduate a hearty and cordial invitation to become associated with the great majority of the teachers of British Columbia in the important work of advancing the interests of the teaching profession, and in assisting to bring about educational progress.

Since 1917 the Federation has made remarkable progress, has brought about many outstanding benefits to the teachers of the Province, and has made very valuable contributions to the advancement of education in the Province.

Every teacher in British Columbia has gained much by its efforts, and hence every teacher in British Columbia should be proud to be associated with it.

Almost 2000 teachers are now members of the Federation.

Special Offer to Normal Graduates

Realizing the personal expense involved in a Normal School Course, the Federation has arranged that all graduates who desire may obtain the benefits of Federation membership immediately, without present payment of any fee. The payment may be made at any time during the first three months of active teaching in British Columbia. Special application forms have been prepared and may be obtained from Miss Nancy Trail and Mr. Max Maynard at the Normal School, or from the Federation Office, 410 Campbell Building, Victoria. Students who forward application forms will be enrolled at once and a copy of the magazine will be mailed each month.

HARRY CHARLESWORTH,
General Secretary,
B. C. Teachers' Federation.

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event of your school
life—*Graduation*—is
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classmates and to keep
fresh the memory of
school days.

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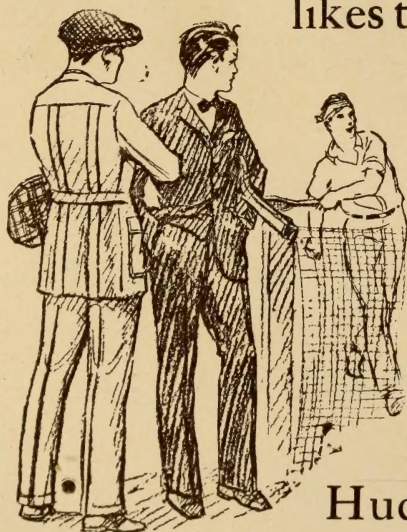
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NORMAL SCHOOL ANNUAL L

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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL,
VICTORIA - - BRITISH COLUMBIA



D. L. MacLaurin :

To you, sir, we owe much of whatever success has been ours during our brief association with this institution. You have taught us something of the seriousness of life but have not forgotten to point out the beauties of the way.

You have shown us that our paths will not be free from difficulties, but have led us to see that these may be overcome by honest endeavour and perseverance.

To you, therefore, as one who has ever shown himself a friend, a helper, and a guide, this book is respectfully dedicated.





D. L. MACLAURIN

To the Faculty

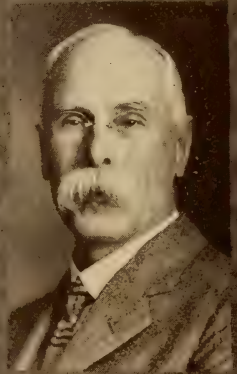
THE bow of the ship is already turned to the open, unknown seas, but we are not afraid for in our hands is the chart and compass by which we steer "beyond the sunset and the baths of all the western stars." To you, the staff of the Normal School, mariners returned from the first voyage to those far-off island kingdoms, we return thanks for the courage that is ours as we slip into the misted fringe of the horizon. The chart you have given is our guide. It tells where the rocks and shallows lie; it warns us of the swift-running current, treacherous and deadly; and it points us ever to the safe blue waters within the harbor bar.

We thank you for your never-failing patience, your ready commendation and kindly judgment—they have made the term now moving into the scented shadows of the past, one of pleasant experience and real inspiration.

A tribute of gratitude is yours for the unswerving loyalty of your service and for the trust you have always placed in us. Our sincerest desire, as we face that distant horizon line, is that we may never prove unworthy of your faith in us, and that our course may never turn from the pursuit of those high ideals which, by counsel and example, you have given us.

The shore-lights are gleaming fainter, now they are scarcely seen beyond the sun-bathed water—and we turn resolutely toward the trackless blue of the open sea.





[Photos by Foxall]

FACULTY

Reading from top, left to right

Miss G. G. Riddell, Mr. V. L. Denton, Miss L. B. Isbister
Mr. B. S. Freeman, Miss K. Scanlan, Miss I. M. S. Barron, Mr. Hy. Dunnell
Miss M. A. L. Lucas, Sgt. Frost, Sgt. Bain

To the Class of 1923-24

AFTER years of endeavor you now stand on the highest hill-crest yet reached in your journey. The pathway of the future stretches before you with all the allurements of the unknown. As you pass from the land of preparation into the wider realm of responsibility, if you pause to listen, you will hear voices, faint at first but ever more insistent, calling, calling to you.

It may be dignity of position that first calls. In the hierarchy of your chosen profession there are lowly places and positions of high degree. It is an honourable and a worthy thing to strive so that each turn of the road may find you higher in command if withal you do not lose the wholesome comradeship of those who look up to you.

There is a higher dignity than the dignity of position. It is the dignity of labour. Those who heed this voice find a surer recompense. To follow it means to be weary, not always applauded, perhaps not even approved. The most worthy labour demands not approval. It is this that gives it the greater dignity.

There is yet another voice and a nobler dignity. It is the dignity of service that calls for sacrifice. In the moments of stillness, as your pathway enters the quieter places, you may hear this voice. It calls not so loudly but its tones are sweeter. If you answer too loudly, or speak too often of what the voice has said, you will hear it less often. To follow it may make you forget dignity of position, but it will never lead you away from dignity of labour. To fail to hear this voice is to miss all. To hear and follow it, is to change the journey from mere existence into true living and clothe the life in Royal Purple.

"He that walks it only thirsting
For the right and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples which out-redden
All voluptuous garden roses."

D. L. MacLAURIN.

Earth changes, but thy soul and
God stand sure ;
What entered into thee---
That was, is and shall be ;
Time's wheel runs back or stops,
Potter and clay endure.

—Browning



When time
who steals
our years away,
Shall steal
our pleasures
too —

The memories
of the past
shall stay,
And half our
joys renew.



Etude

At the Master Artist's touch the setting changes
The doors of Dreamland open for the scene.
The golden-ruddy glow of dying sun on ranges,
The verdant carpet of the sea between,
Disclose, a maiden priestess worshipping,
Neptune's daughter, fair Victoria,
Guardian of the happy isle,
Where the song-birds come for nesting,
On whose shores the flowers smile.

In the blue depth of the forest Musing Nature plays her organ,
With stars like altar candles 'gainst the sky the tree-tops lining.
In many-colored glows as thru' cathedral windows shining,
The evening lights begin to twinkle 'long the shore.
Sighing, downward, Daylight's curtain rustles,
And Darkness falls—another day is o'er.

D. R. M.



[Photos by Foxall]

EDITORIAL BOARD

Reading from top, left to right

Agnes Charlebois, Art Editor; M. S. Maynard, Editor-in-Chief; D. R. MacKay, Managing Editor; Lorna Jones, Sub-Editor; Viola MacBeth, Hilda Cryderman, J. H. Harman, Alice Sandiford, Jessie Lapham.

Valedictory

WE have arrived at last at the parting of the ways, when each must take his own path, independent and regardless of his fellows. The words, consecrated for use at such times, are upon our lips. We repeat them to ourselves to be sure of their reality. We breathe them—vague murmurings—in the stillness of the evening and dream upon them in the quietness of night. From the mysterious, unfathomable depths within us, they rise like dim dreams, shadows of our deepest feelings, and mirrors of our keenest sensibilities.

At such a time we live but dimly in the present. For the most part our thoughts lie in the verdant memories and experiences of the past—hallowed by new friendships and new associations. We feel that we cannot lightly dismiss these memories. They have become almost sacred things to us; have helped us in forming new ideals; have spurred us on to greater efforts and have kept us oftentimes in the path of duty when we might otherwise have fallen by the way. And, while there is not one of us but feels a pang of regret at the thought of severing these associations, we must ever remember that true, active, productive friendship is more than mere sentiment. "It can originate and acquire permanence only practically. It consists in this: that we keep the same pace in life, that my friend approves of my aims as I of his, and that thus we go on steadfastly together whatever may be the difference otherwise between our ways of thinking and living." So may it ever be with us.

PRINCIPAL MACLAURIN and MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY, to you we tender our farewell today with deep regret. We would not multiply words and yet we feel that some token of esteem, some expression of respect, something to tell you of our unfeigned appreciation, must be made. Our year has been more vivid and colorful through your untiring and unselfish efforts on our behalf. And now, as we take our way out into the broad and bustling world and try our fortune in the "tide of times," we shall endeavor to keep aglow that spark of high idealism which you have so jealously bequeathed to us. And what shall we wish for you? May you continue to be, in the future as you have been in the past, a source of inspiration and encouragement to those who shall fill our place. May you attain that happiness—the only true happiness—which springs from a satisfaction in the work at hand and from a knowledge that someone is being helped by your example. May you be granted, in the years to come, better students than we have been, less arduous duties than those which have lately been yours, and eventually the reward which awaits all who grow not weary in well-doing.

PRINCIPALS AND TEACHERS OF THE MODEL SCHOOLS, to you also must we confess our indebtedness. True, our relationships have not been as intimate as we might have wished, but we have learned from you something of the joy of

labor and the dignity of our profession. For the kindly criticisms which you have rendered, the habitual courtesy and spirit of good fellowship which you have always evinced and your willing co-operation, we wish to express our most sincere appreciation. The time during which we have been associated with you has, for us at least, been all too short. We shall always recall it with feelings of unalloyed pleasure.

What more shall we say? The term is rapidly drawing to a close, the days during which we remain together are few. The future holds, we know not what, for it is still shrouded in uncertainty. Let us, then, shake hands with one another and say that we are glad that we met. Let us bid one another "God-speed" and talk of the times that have been. Let us go forth believing that we shall succeed. And, after all, perhaps it may be best, just in this happiest, sunniest hour, while each and all are living in the past—it may be best to bid adieu just here, while shadows still are falling toward the west and while the dew of hope still sparkles fresh upon the grass.

M. M.



The Three Best Things

Let me but live my life from year to year
With forward face and unreluctant soul
Not hurrying to, nor turning from the goal,
Not mourning for things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils, but with a whole
And happy heart that pays its toll
To youth and age and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
Or rough or smooth, my journey will be joy,
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendships, high adventure and a crown;
My heart will keep the courage of the quest
And hope the road's last turn will be the best.

HENRY VAN DYKE

Personals

Class A

EVA AMBROSE

Eva heads the roll in Class A. This fact has a wealth of meaning. She is a good sport and can see a joke—surely this is a sufficient testimonial.

EMILY ANDERSON (Victoria)

To one who does not know her she appears quiet, but to us who know her well, Emily is the personification of wit, wisdom and whimsicality.

JUNE ARNASON (Victoria)

June is shy but that only makes her more desirable; besides she is brimful of energy and cheerfulness.

ETHEL ASHER (Kelowna)

Ethel seems to be full of honest fun, altho' a quiet girl. We who know her say she can teach.

DOROTHY AYTON (Victoria)

Dorothy also hails from Saanich and knows all about the possibilities of Victoria.

"The deepest rivers flow with the least noise."

ROSE BAIKIE (Victoria)

Rose is right at hand if there is a chance of a basketball practice or game. She's a dependable young lady to say the least.

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness."

ADA BAILEY (Nanaimo)

Ada just revels in Grammar—a lady of prodigious brain power and precocious tendencies.

MARY BARKER (Nelson)

Mary is a small human dynamo. Her pet aversion is Grammar. You can always tell when she has to teach it by the explosive way she says—"Say, I'm mad!"

TANNIS BARLEE (Grand Forks)

Tannis is an excellent all round good sport and wields a wicked tennis racquet. Tannis means Tennis. But Tennis does not necessarily mean Tannis.

LILLIAN BARNETT (Victoria)

Pep, Blossom and basketball are synonymous. She would be an asset to any class and Class A's no exception. Happy, good-natured, generous and versatile—that's Blossom.

REBECCA BELL (Revelstoke)

Becky is the essence of good nature. She is chummy enough with us, but pupils in practice schools have learned that she means what she says. She is Lieutenant of the Revelstoke Girl Guides.



[Photos by Foxall]

CLASS A

Reading from top, left to right.

Misses Craig, Coady-Johnson, Daniels, Best, Finch, Clements, East, Caufield, Ambrose, Creech, Ewing, Dudgeon, M. Craig, Barker, Coton, Brodie, Cross, Cryderman, Ashur, Bell, Billi, Bailie, Campion, Duncan, Dimmick, Feary, Elliott, Bisson, Edgecombe, Dawson, Barnett, Cawthorne, Bailey, Ford, Cousins, Fisher, Davidson, D. Brown, Fairclough, Chalmers, Ayton, Davis, E. Cameron, Brown, Conroy, Anderson, Baikie, Berg, Beran, Charlebois, Bennett, Clarke, Bickle, Culleton, Cavalier, M. Cameron, Arnason, Corbett, Boyden.

CORAL BENNET (Nanaimo)

Coral hails from Nanaimo. She leads the class in drill. You ought to step out Coral with your cheery smile. Class A couldn't do without you.

MARY BERAN

Mary is as good-natured as she is tall, and that is saying a lot. We admire her grit. Even a long illness could not deter her from her ideal vocation. Oh well, you were destined to meet misfortune Mary, when labelled with the formidable No. 13.

ELLEN BERG (Rossland)

"I ain't the talkin' kind, I'm the doin' kind."

Ellen is a hard worker—she but needs to 'spress herself.

HILDA BEST (Duncan)

"She is going on right and there are not going to be any flaws in her nature." This may apply particularly to Hilda's basketball career as well. She indeed plays a wicked ball. Duncan might well be proud of her.

BEATRICE BICKLE (Cumberland)

Couple the ejaculations "O Pete" with effervescent mirth and apologetic wee cough, and you have Bickle down to a T. She is a Tennis Champion and one of Class A's mainstays as far as pep is concerned. Beatrice is an active member of the Cody-Johnson, Bickle, Cryderman alliance.

IDA BILLI (Nanaimo)

Billy is short and sweet—a budding Michaelangelo, so to speak. "Merry Sunshine" upholds the quality if not quantity idea and is a charming wee teacher.

MARION BISSON (Rossland)

Marion is a staunch Rosslander. Her main hobby is Elocution. We wish you success Marion.

MARGARET BOYCE (Victoria)

Daisy is the class query. Her questioning is very searching and for this reason is successful in her teaching. She seems to agree with Socrates, that knowledge can only be acquired by questioning.

KATHLEEN BRODIE (Nelson)

A fair damsel from the Kootenay, whose abundance of ready wit and sly humor adds spice to the lectures.

ALICE BROWN (Kelowna)

Alice believes in a four-square life. She is a well known figure in basketball circles and is an all round good sport. Send some more along, Kelowna, we like 'em.

DOROTHY BROWN (Kelowna)

"Dot" plays mother to a large family of Normalites. To see her teach is to see what can be done by one who has the spark.

MILDRED CAMERON (Penticton)

If Penticton can produce those Irish eyes—it must be "some" place. We're not sure that Mildred is as meek and mild as she seems in school.

EDNA CAMERON (Enderby)

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
 "I'm going to Normal, Sir," she said.
 "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

But just at this juncture the pretty maid fled.

EDNA CAMPION (Nelson)

Well, well, here's another Nelsonian! Really, it's quite surprising the interest these people take in education! Yes, and Edna's smarter'n most of 'em, 'cause she's taken her Senior Matric.

MILLIE CAUFIELD (Ferne)

Millie hails from the Kootenay. She is small, but oh my, she gets good results with the kiddies. Her ready wit, goodwill, and happy nature go a long way.

EVA CAVALIER (Prince Rupert)

Eva is not fond of the limelight—but we wouldn't like to lose her.

"Thought is deeper than all speech."

MARGARET CAWTHORNE (Victoria)

"Pete" is another of our promising students.

"She is the dearest friend to us,
 The kindest girl, the best conditioned,
 And unwearied spirit in doing courtesie."

ANNIE CHALMERS (Trail)

Annie is a native of the Kootenay also. She has a wonderful way of discovering things—I can tell you.

AGNES CHARLEBOIS (Victoria)

Better known as "Charlie" and a prominent "go-getter" at Normal. She is one of our interesting and versatile characters bubbling over with wit, vitality, and enthusiasm.

MARGUERITE CLARKE (Erickson)

The "movies" have not them all yet. She's a great help to Class A, especially in the way of helping with the Literary programmes.

"Flower o' the rose
 What matters, if I've been merry, who knows."

DOROTHY CLEMENTS (Peachland)

Dot is a product of the Okanagan, which, of course, says much for her.

"A gentle maid, a meekly bending spirit, soothed by natural piety."

HELGA CODY-JOHNSON (Victoria)

"Serene and resolute and still
 And calm and self-possessed."

Helen is not only good-natured, but her second name should be Generosity. Her one hobby is—Raving.

AGNES CONROY (Kelowna)

Agnes hails from the Interior. Does this account for her dramatic use of the English language? She takes part in debates and gets highest mark in Geography.

"Oh Agnes is a stately maid,
 No gentle butterfly is she;
 Her manner is reserved and staid,
 And she's as wise as she can be."

LAURINE CORBETT (Victoria)

Laurine comes to us from the Victoria High. She does not waste her time in idle conversation, but has been known to give expression to very pithy utterance upon occasion.

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MARGARET COTON (Victoria)

How did you become so good-natured Margaret? Where did you get such earnestness, coupled with good will? Give us the recipe Margaret.

ALICE COUSINS (Peachland)

Alice from Peachland comes. She liked old Normal so well she returned for a second term. Her experience has given her the power of asking questions which amaze the rest of us.

CLARA CRAIG (Craig's Crossing, V.I.)

If you see a bright and cheerful person, always ready to lend a hand, well, that's Clara.

MILDRED CRAIG (Trail)

Mildred is not only a Tennis player but a Hockey fan, too!

*"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns
And sweet as English air could make her be."*

ETHEL CREECH (Victoria)

Ethel is one of Class A's canaries, who always looks on the bright side.

"For you assuredly, a hopeful road lies open."

MARY CROSS (Prince Rupert)

Prince Rupert has a keen supporter in Mary. Although conscientious and quiet, yet her manner is stimulating.

"Not least, but honored of them all."

HILDA CRYDERMAN (Vernon)

Surely never did the gods tie up in one parcel and drop to earth such a bundle of energy, initiative, and good will as they did in this popular member of Class A.

*"To know her is to love her,
And to love her, aye, for ever,
For nature made her what she is
And never made another."*

AGNES CULLETON (Fernie)

Agnes is a veritable "Johnny-on-the-spot." She brings an abundance of laughter and good humor from the Kootenay; being willing and eager to do all she can for the other fellow.

MADGE DANIELS (Victoria)

"Danny" seems to be one of the born teachers. She is our Literary Representative and knows how to collect the money.

*"Tall and slim and full of pep—
Madge is our Literary Rep."*

DOROTHY DAVIDSON (Victoria)

Intimately known as "Dot," but mostly "Dash." She was Secretary-Treasurer of the Athletic Society for the first term and filled the position with marked ability.

LOTTIE DAVIS (Prince George)

Lottie is such a quiet girl.

"Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy of her own thoughts."

RENA DAWSON (Penticton)

Rena is a Penticton representative. If she is a sample of what Penticton has, we need more of 'em.

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HELEN DIMOCK (Silverton)

Helen is a capable student with an abundance of ready wit and sly humor. A well-known figure before the mirrors at lunch hour (when she gets the chance).

MARGARET DUDGEON (Kelowna)

Margaret, how could you be so clever in Grammar and be so good-natured too. It is not fair You should elucidate.

BARBARA DUNCAN (Courtenay)

Barbara brings from her home-town all that goes with a sunny nature. Her one vice is long hikes—If you don't believe it ask Edna.

MARGARET EAST (Keremeos)

Margaret is a teacher whom the kiddies just could not help but love.

"A smile for all, a welcome glad,
A jovial, coaxing way she had."

BRENDA EDGECOMBE (Peachland)

Brenda hails from Peachland. In endowing Brenda with the divine fire, the gods were so lavish that they not only filled her spirit with it, but roofed her with it as well. Never mind, Bren, others love that bright head of yours, even if you don't.

HILDA ELLIOTT (Victoria)

Hilda—well, well, she seems to be just a bundle of energy done up with a little shyness. Somehow, all the Victoria girls are so shy.

MARGARET EWING (Trail)

Margaret is sweet, demure, and retiring—but

"She was made for happy thoughts,
For playful wit and laughter."

ALICE FAIRCLOUGH (Victoria)

One of Victoria's unassuming and earnest students. Alice can always be relied upon—can't you Alice!

"Sober, steadfast, and demure."

MARCIA FEARY (Parksville)

"Feeny" is an unique and popular character in Class A. She is an animated vitamene and, as such, is an absolute necessity to Class A.

EDNA FINCH (Courtenay)

Edna has not portrayed any of the characteristics attributed to "red" hair, but is a demure young lady to be sure.

SARAH FISHER (Victoria)

Sally comes from Saanich. She is a conscientious student, and oh, so earnest. But—do we know her?

"She's as meek and mild as a little child
And deep as the river Euphrates."

VERNA FORD (Westbank)

Verna is also a native of the Okanagan.

"Her goodness doth disdain comparison
And, but herself, admits no parallel."

Class B

DOROTHY FOSTER (Kelowna)

They say that "speech is silver, but silence is golden"—Dorothy is well gilded.

"My heart is like an apple tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit."

ELAINE FOX (Victoria)

"Elaine the dark, Elaine the loveable."

A quiet member, (during school hours), but some memory lurking in our subconscious minds reminds us that "still waters run deep."

ROSE FREY (Fernie)

Not quite as hot as her name might suggest.

"A rose among many thorns."

BERTHA GARNETT (West Summerland)

"She was a maid of graceful mould,
With hair like sunbeams and a heart of gold."

GRACE GARNETT (West Summerland)

Another member of the Garnett family. Grace believes in letting the others do the talking—but that she can wield her pencil and paint-brush, we're here to state.

IRMGARD GILLAM (Victoria)

Irmgard appears quiet to those who meet her, but those who know her declare that she is a good sport—and we don't find it hard to believe them either.

MARGARET GILLATT (Sandspit, Q.C.I.)

Common Name	- - - - -	Peggy
Head	- - - - -	Brainy
Tongue	- - - - -	Active
Ears	- - - - -	Oh! those ear-rings!
Movements	- - - - -	Lively
Habits	- - - - -	Nocturnal
Habitat	- - - - -	Swimming Pools
Economic Value	- - - - -	Information Bureau

EVA GILLETT (Nelson)

Although the smallest member of Class B, Eva has a mind of her own. She also has an eye to colour as shown by the shoes she wears.

TRESSIE GILLILAND (Victoria)

One of the live-wires of Class B.

"Demure of mein, and small in size,
A modest maid—but, oh! those eyes!"

MARY GILMOUR (Rossland)

One of the musical members of our Class, whose prolonged notes echo through the auditorium during singing periods.

"As restless as a bee,
As slender and graceful as a reed."

EUNICE GOODENOUGH (Kaslo)

Eunice comes to us from Kaslo, and as her name implies, she is "good enough" for Class B—and that is saying a good deal.



[Photos by Foxall]

CLASS B

Reading from top, left to right.

Misses King, Garnett, Foster, Knott, Gregson, Gilliland, Johnstone, Kempton, Isbister, Hodgson, Horn, (Etta) Hood, M. Hall, Hoddinott, Graham, Hall, Gillam, Goodenough, L. Jones, Jones, Hull, Lane, Kieth, Hambly, Gillett, Gillatt, Heidler, Lapham, Jarvis, Petch, Lang, Laws, Izowsky, Laidman, (Edith) Hood, Gracey, Hawthornthwaite, Hopkins, Henry, Holmes, Heritage, Garnett, Leahy, Hughes, Fox, Fry, Hartree, Gilmour, Inghram, May, Joy, Hobson, (Mrs.) Jackson, (Mrs.) Jephson, Johnson, Lancaster.

NANCE GRACEY (Nelson)

Nance's exclamation of horror or surprise can be heard at almost any hour of the day in the girls' locker-room.

"I babble, babble as I go
To join my classmates clever;
Let teachers rave, I still intend
To talk, and talk for ever."

MABEL GRAHAM (Kelowna)

We don't hear very much from Mabel, but what we do hear is worth remembering.

"She let the legions thunder past
And plunged in thought again."

THELMA GREGSON (Ladysmith)

Listeneth much and speaketh little.

"Oh! gentle maiden, what thou art we know not."

MABEL HALL (Arrow Park)

"With half-shut eyes she ever seems
Falling asleep in her half day-dreams."

But—she'll wake up for the jumping competition.

MARY HALL (Victoria)

A lively wee elf, but as she occupies a front seat we don't hear as much from her as we might.

"Her every look, her every smile
Shot right and left a score of arrows."

BERENICE HAMBLY (Victoria)

Berenice believes in the element of suspense; she keeps us guessing what she will do and say next.

"A quick brunette, well-moulded, falcon-eyed."

DOROTHY HARTREE (Victoria)

With becoming modesty, we take this opportunity of introducing you to a probable successor to Madame Melba. Dorothy's voice is the colour of her hair, and she herself is as sweet as her voice, so you see just how lucky Class B is.

LOUISE HATCH (Victoria)

Although older than some of us in years, yet younger than a good many of us in spirits.

"From round her face will always brightness flow."

GWENDOLYN HAWTHORNTHTHWAITE (Nanaimo)

Whose lengthy cognomen is usually shortened to "Gwen." A basketball player and our Athletic representative.

"Who mixeth reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."

FRANCES HEIDLER (Rossland)

In school usually a model of virtue and obedience. Never known to laugh, talk, or in any way disturb the habitual serenity of the class.

"Of thoughtful, modest mein."

GRACE HENRY (Victoria)

You have heard about the three Graces—well, we have one of them in Class B.

"Then away with sorrow and all repining,
The darkest cloud has a silver lining."

OLIVE HERITAGE (Victoria)

Certainly this was a goodly heritage.

"For she was long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea sand."

ALBERTA HOBSON (Revelstoke)

"We know a young maid, white and pink,
Who never was known to wink,
But when anyone spoke
Of that town, Revelstoke,
She wasn't as quiet as you'd think."

BEULAH HODDINOTT (Victoria)

An introduction is not necessary. Everyone at Normal knows Beulah.

"There was a young lady named Beulah,
Whose manner got cruelah and cruelah,
She questioned a child
Till his teacher grew wild,
And now she's locked up in the coolah."

DOROTHY HODGSON (Cranbrook)

Dorothy's good spirits are phenomenal. She can talk and knit with equal rapidity, and when it comes to running, we hand the honors to Dorothy.

EDNA HOLMES (Creston)

Edna is a late arrival with us, but already we feel as though we had known her for a long time.

"We haven't known her very long;
She came here rather late,
But when it comes to liking her
We're there, at anyrate."

EDITH and ETTA HOOD (Cumberland)

The twins are still a source of delightful bewilderment. Will we ever learn to tell them apart?

"I'm mighty glad I'm not their mother,
For how'd I tell the which from t'other?"

MILDRED HOPKINS (Victoria)

The girl with the "speaking eyes." Milly doesn't need to shout or smile at the small pupils; her eyes do it for her.

VIOLET HORN (Victoria)

Our little incarnation of Spring. There's lots of spring in Violet.

"Indeed she hath the beaming eye,
And shall we tell for whom it beameth?"

HAZEL HUGHES (Revelstoke)

Hazel is an enviable person. She has big, dark eyes and dimples, and, besides, she is exempt from Drill.

LILLIAN HULL (Grand Forks)

Our champion swimmer, and the girl with the "smile impartial." Lillian is quiet in school—her only fault.

ALICE HUNTER (Victoria)

Although Alice did not arrive until Christmas, she found no difficulty in making friends.

"Tall, and somewhat inscrutable."

IVY INGRAM (Trail)

Ivy has long-lashed, demure blue eyes, but, alas, a position in the back seat has completely demoralized her.

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BESSIE ISBISTER (Victoria)

Bessie is a reg'lar feller; she comes from Esquimalt and has threatened to adopt the rolling gait.

JULIA IZOWSKY (Prince George)

When we study the Upper Fraser, Julia comes into her own. She is the centre of knowledge. Maybe the weather is cold at Fort George, but Julia isn't.

"Though from the North she comes,
All Spring is in her breast."

MARGARET JARVIS (Nelson)

"Sugar and spice, and all that's nice—
But when, oh when, shall we see that rice?"

MRS. JEPHSON (Victoria)

One of those lucky people who can "run home for lunch."

"If fish is brain food, then assuredly Mrs. Jephson is a 'complete angler.'"

ESTHER JOHNSTON (Trail)

A human dynamo if there ever was one. We are sure that the "Lost and Found" department would go out of business if she were not here.

"I have found my pen, and my paint rags three,
But where, oh where, is my locker key?"

MOLLY JOHNSTONE (Rossland)

Molly is just as essential to Class B as Class B is to the Normal—and that is the highest compliment we could possibly pay anyone.

"Bright smiles were hers to scatter and to share."

LILLIAN JONES (Victoria)

"Airy, fairy Lillian,
Flitting, fairy Lillian."

Indescribably indispensable and undeniably charming, Lillian would be a welcome addition to any class.

LORNA JONES (Victoria)

Lorna can easily be called one of the most popular girls in the school. Everybody's pianist. We think Lorna missed her calling, for she should have been a lawyer.

ADA JOY (Nelson)

Ada sure lives up to her name. A sweet smile+blue eyes=Ada. Moreover she makes a delightful old-fashioned girl in mauve and pink.

MRS. JACKSON (Burnaby)

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

She's a good sport for a' that, and has never been known to complain of her position as official "Carrier of the Attendance Slip."

FLORENCE KEITH (Victoria)

Why could we not all be a Florence? Lucky the pupils who get her.

"Oh! Florence, shall we call thee girl,
Or but a wandering voice?"

VERA KEMPSTON (Bridestville)

Vera believes in playing the "glad game"—most of the time at anyrate. She is official leader of the locker-room songsters, and her cheery warble may be heard any time in between periods. That's Vera.

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GENEVA KING (Ainsworth)

Geneva's sensory-motor system is in fine working order, but during school hours something seems to go wrong with the nerve centres connecting brain and organs of speech. Her chief delights—Domestic Science and Physical Training.

FRANCES KNOTT (Erickson)

A nightingale in our midst. She knows how to study, but can laugh with the best of us. Furthermore, Frances has never been known to fail us in getting the high "doh."

CONSTANCE LAIDMAN (Penticton)

Whom we present as our Literary hope. We do not wish to appear boastful, but when one of our own class members bids fair to rival Shakespeare, we want the school to know it.

MARJORIE LANCASTER (Silverton)

She's got the biggest and blackest of brown eyes—and they are not in cold storage either. We predict a glowing future for "Marge."

NANCY LANE (Nanaimo)

They say teachers are born, not made. Nancy is a born "school marm."

"Oh! you of Class 'B,'
Come hearken to me!"

MYRA LANG (Kelowna)

A recent arrival, but no longer a "stranger within our gates."

"And on her brow the star of Wisdom shines."

JESSIE LAPHAM (Kamloops)

Jessie has quite a military air with her. The "little pupils" don't fool when she is teaching. To be truthful, though inelegant, "Jessie has an awful lot of brains."

IVY LAWS (Kelowna)

This is neither Boston Ivy, nor English Ivy, for she comes from Kelowna. Ivy is partial to physical training, and the back seat in the classroom. Need we say more?

PEARL LEAHY (Salmo)

"A merry heart and full of fun,
In mischief she ranks second to none."

Pearl is the genus Salmo.

MARGARET MAY (Victoria)

Famous for her resounding laugh, which can be heard from one end of the marble halls to the other. Margaret joined our ranks at Christmas.

Class C

ELLA LEWIS (Victoria)

Ella was our last term's Vice-President of the Athletic Executive and is Secretary-Treasurer this year. She takes a keen interest in sports and has distinguished herself many times as a basketball player. Her interests, however, have not been restricted to athletics; indeed, she has proved herself equally at home upon the stage.

JEAN LORIMER (Victoria)

Jean is one of the more studiously inclined of our number. Her conscientious labours serve often as a silent rebuke to those upon whom the burden of life rests less heavily.

TILLIE LUCAS (Victoria)

Tillie is a true Victorian scholar, having graced both the High School and the College. Here's hoping the future will benefit by her teaching of the culinary art.

"One who never shirks, who waits and watches and who always works."

KATHLEEN LUNDY (Penticton)

"Kay" was the first "Literary" representative of Class C, and well did she fulfil her trust.

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair,
And all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn."

MARJORIE LYNES (Kamloops)

Like the salmon, Marjorie is anadromous in her habits, having come from the upper waters of the Thompson last September.

"Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth."

HERMIENA LYONS (Penticton)

We all like Hermie. She is one of those people who manifests an interest in everything—especially in marching games.

"Merry have we met, and merry have we been,
Merry let us part and merry meet again."

RETA LYTLE (Victoria)

Two blue eyes, a dimple and a happy smile. She is one of the modest members of our class, possessed of a genial and winning personality.

"The sweet smile, the subdued speech, the hopeful mind, are earth's most potent conquerors."

BERNICE MANNING (Port Alberni)

Bernice evidently believes in the saying, "Laugh, and the world laughs with you." Nevertheless, we imagine that serious thoughts are not unknown to her.

"Whene'er she met a stranger
She left a friend."

NORAH MARRS (Revelstoke)

Behold our class representative on the staff of the "Five-to-One." By her habitual good humour, Norah has won for herself an enviable place in the hearts of all her schoolmates.

MRS. MELSTEAD (Salmon Arm)

Mrs. Melstead joined us at Christmas and we all agree that she has been a happy addition to our class. Always ready with an enlightening suggestion or a witty remark, she has done much to help us on our way.

LILY MERRITT

Lilly believes that cheerfulness and contentment are great beautifiers and preservers of good looks. Her presence in the class keeps us all in the best of spirits, whatever may be the impending evil. (Even though it be ——?).

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ANNA C. MILLAR (Victoria)

One of those fortunate individuals in whom we find the staidness of a school "marm" together with the exuberance and spontaneity of youth.

"Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Doth sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea."

ANNA B. MILLER (Victoria)

As for this Anna, when you require border designs or poster-work ask for her, but you will have to hunt for her as she is most retiring by nature, but happy and kind.

"Still waters run deep."

JEANNETTE MILLER (Victoria)

Commonly called "Nettie," whose dramatic ability has distinguished her among her classmates.

"Behold a devotee
Of Thalia and Melpomene."

MAISIE MONTEITH (Salmon Arm)

Known familiarly as "Monty." She is a right good sport, possessed of no ordinary artistic skill.

"Pictures of horses, cats and bears,
Of girls oppressed with scholars' cares,
Of cowboys, soldiers, other men—
Such is the skill of Monty's pen."

AUDREY MORRIS (Victoria)

Although answering to the name of "Morris," she belongs to class C. Her ready suggestions and sparkling wit have endeared her to all.

DOROTHY MORRISON (Kelowna)

Dorothy appears quiet and serious, but in reality possesses a lively sense of humor.

"She's pretty to walk with
Witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

VIOLET MORROW (Creston)

This lady has an insuperable habit of leaving her possessions with Mr. Dunnell. Never mind, Violet, your good points far outweigh this trifling weakness.

"For so it falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it, but being lacked and lost,
Why, then we reck the value."

DOROTHY MORTON (Victoria)

Dorothy needs no introduction. We chose her for our representative for the "Lit.," which position she fills admirably.

"If it's your trustees' grace
You really wish to woo,
Then try your skill and see
What piano tunes will do."

PEARL MURDOCH (Trail)

One of our trailers from Trail, and a jolly member, too. "Smile and the world smiles with you" seems to be her excellent motto.

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GWENDOLEN MUSGRAVE (Shawnigan)

Gwen, commonly known as "Mussy," is a fair-haired lass who hails from Shawnigan Lake. Her cheery smile and "hello" greet us each morning as she treadles her bicycle up the hill to school.

"Full of life and love and wit,
And always ready to do her bit."

VIOLA MacBETH (Nelson)

Viola is our representative for the "Annual," and our worthy little rooter at Rugby and basketball. Her happy smile and ever-helping hand have won for her an enviable place in the hearts of many friends.

"A smile for all, a welcome glad,
A jovial, coaxing way she had."

MARGARET McCALL (Kamloops)

A sweet, shy, lass, with a pleasing manner and a gentle disposition.

"A kindly grace of manners and behaviour,
A something in her presence and her ways
That makes her beautiful."

JEAN MacCALLUM (Trail)

Jean, being a real sport, will not resent this good advice—

"Oh, Jean, you really must get fat,
Or next Fall—who can tell,
Some child may take you for a rake,
And throw you down the well."

ADA McCAULEY (Penticton)

Ada calls Penticton her "home town." With her cheerful disposition and splendid ability we are sure she will be successful in her chosen profession.

"Of soul sincere,
In action faithful and in honour clear."

HELEN McDONELL (Rossland)

Is one of the "flowers" of the Kootenay whose transplantation to our sunny shores prevents the well-known lines—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air"

from being applicable to her.

HOPE McGAULEY (Castlegar)

"An athletic young maiden is Hope,
A very good sport,
Of the very best sort,
She simply thinks nothing of jumping a rope,
And with the weightiest of matters she'll cope,
This young Normal student called Hope."

FLORENCE McGIBBON (Victoria)

A quiet, studious student, always ready to give information and assistance, especially to our Mainland visitors.

CHRISTINA MacGRAW (Penticton)

"Chrissie" is a true Scot. She can do almost anything—sing, paint and even study. One of her favorite tunes is "The Campbells are Coming."

MADGE McGREGOR (Victoria)

Victoria would have good reason to be proud of its students if they were all like Madge.

"She has two eyes so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware!"

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MARGUERITE McINTOSH (Westbank)

Marguerite is a very quiet but ambitious girl. She goes forth from Normal and then into the world with the heartiest wishes of her fellow-students that she may enjoy a long life of usefulness and happiness.

MARGARET McINTYRE (Victoria)

Margaret is a possessor of a happy disposition that knows no care or worry in this cold world.

"I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nobody."

AIMEE McKAY (Westbank)

Aimee is a cheery person and the happy possessor of bewitching curls. She is always ready to help and is consequently rich in friends. What more need be said?

ISABEL J. B. McKAY

Is class C's Southerner, who comes from Trail. Isabel's drawl and her size are deceiving; her drawl being longer and her size smaller than her inches would lead us to expect. Isabel's wit and personality make her a favorite with all who know her.

RACHEL McKAY (Enderby)

Familiarly known as Ella to her more intimate friends, to whom she proves a blessing in disguise in cooking class. Ella is a quiet child at first, but proves to have a great sense of humor on better acquaintance. We might add she is the last of the noble line of McKays in Division III.

CHRISTINE McKINNON (Cumberland)

Christine, although not a Victoria-ite, brings with her from Cumberland a cheery smile and a ready supply of wit all her own.

"A tall girl, and fair of face,
Whose witty way has won a place
In all our hearts."

EVA McLENNAN (Victoria)

Eva is a little Victoria maiden. However, the fair city has not spoiled her nor dampened her high spirits. When we first saw Eva she looked different. Wonder why? Ah! yes, the same old thing—bobbed hair!

ALBERTA McLEOD (Armstrong)

Miss McLeod, a most devoted student, is our fixed star. She is always ready with a kindly smile and word for the rest of the class. It might be said, incidentally, that she is far from "armstrong", but whether the sunny Okanagan accounts for her disposition we cannot say.

SARAH MacNEIL (Ladysmith)

A blonde lady and possessed with the knack of always being happy, is Sarah. "Ladysmith is my home," claims she. Endowed with a pleasant, cheery manner, Sarah should prove quite as charming to her pupils as to her classmates.

ELLA McPHEE (Penticton)

Ella is one of our most efficient drill instructresses. Her word of command is quite intriguing. She is another of the Okanagan Valley girls who wandered to Victoria for the purpose of acquiring the art of instructing the young. The usual "O.K." disposition is present in Ella.

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EVELYN MacQUEEN (Victoria)

We have in Evelyn an enthusiastic "Girl Guide." It is not necessary to say more than that Evelyn is from Victoria, is a general favorite, and Florence's inseparable.

MARY NEILSON (Trail)

Mary sits in the front row and is, therefore, always at her best, or should be so.

"Good sense, which is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven."

LEONA NIMSICK (Rossland)

"Leona likes to cook
And sew perhaps, who knows,
But a smile and a cheery look
Will follow wherever she goes."

Leona is one of the members of Class C who occupies a chair and a detachable desk in the aisle.

ISABEL NIXON (Kamloops)

One of the small members of Class C. Never mind, Isabel, it is the small things that count at Normal.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

LOYDA NORRIS (Vernon)

We can just picture Loyda in a school at the edge of the West, standing at the blackboard, with ruler in hand, introducing the pupils into the realms of knowledge.

"But she will guide thee to noble heights."

ELLEN OWEN (Victoria)

"A maid there was of quiet ways."

This is quite true of "Nellie," but we all admire her cheerful disposition and bright smile.

VERA PALMER (Kamloops)

Vera is our Athletic Representative and plays on the basketball team. A ready smile and optimistic nature are hers.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
But every laugh, so merry, draws one out."

ISABEL PARKER (Cranbrook)

"And her ambition's highest aim,
To cherish long an artist's fame."

Isabel has a keen sense for the beautiful. We hope to see you some day "hung in the Art Gallery." Success to you!

BERYL PARKES (Nanaimo)

Do you know that Beryl is serious, though from her happy disposition you would never guess it. We wish her the best o' luck, and we know she will make a name for herself wherever she goes.

AGNES PARSELL (Victoria)

"A right good fellow with a ready jest."

Agnes has the secret of long life—laugh and live long. We hope the latter will be true.

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MARY PATERSON (Trail)

She has shown much native ability and a determination to achieve success in her work.

"Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed."

ENA PAUL (Victoria)

Sits at the back of the room and keeps all around her in high spirits by her witty remarks. She knows no worry, this fair maiden, and we must admit we admire her supreme optimism.

ELSIE PEARSON (Nanaimo)

Elsie is from Nanaimo, although she attended Victoria College last year. She is leader of our laughing chorus at the back of the room and ably fills her position. "Laugh and the world laughs with you"—yes, all except the teachers.

ROSE PELTER (Cassidy)

"Continual cheerfulness is a sign of wisdom."

There is mischief and fun in Rose's winning face, but wisdom hides itself from those around.

HELEN PETERSEN (Victoria)

Helen is one of those happy girls who does not find Victoria too dull a place to live in. She is a devotee of shingle bob and an all-round good sport.

"Gentle and kind and true is she."

JUNE PHAIR (Nelson)

She has always been our bit of sunshine amid the prevailing gloom, and always a thorough good sport. She is a prominent member of our class, winning many friends by her congenial ways and winsome smile.

"She is fair, and fairer
Than that word of wondrous virtue."

ELLA PHILLIPS (Nelson)

Has always been a leading light in our Friday afternoon concerts, and for all her unselfish assistance we must thank her heartily. She may be described by the following delightful combination—

"Wit, wisdom and whimsicality."

ANNE PODBIELANCIK (Fernie)

We are glad that Anne is such a friendly soul, for "Miss" is always such a bother when one is in a hurry, and "Anne" is so nice. Knowing Anne as we do, we predict for her a brilliant future.

Class D

RUBY BLYTH

Ruby has the honor of having taught before. She must, therefore, find Normal quite a treat. She is full of fun and full of knowledge. Her excellent motto seems to be "Live and learn."

MRS. HANSEN

Mrs. Hansen has a fruit ranch in Okanagan. She has decided to make herself independent of the present flourishing (?) fruit markets.



CLASS D

Reading from top, left to right.

Stewart, Richmond, Purvis, Steward, V. Simpson, Shaw, Smart, Small, Shopland, Sutherland, Murray, Rogers, Sandiford, Reisterer, Wallace, Servold, Roscorla, Siegfried, J. Smith, Quin, Pond, Redgrave, D. Trimble, Slater, Trail, Styan, C. Wilson, H. Simpson, Blyth, White, Reid, Walker, Savannah, Warnock, Porter, I. Smith, Schwengers, Pollock, M. Thompson, Patchett, Service, Tittemore, Stott, Pottinger, M. Wallace, Sims, Scanlan, Wright, Squires, Tivini, Shannon, Wilton, Watchorn, J. Wilson.

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MAY MURRAY

Merry and fond of fun, May is possessed of a vein of seriousness and common sense.

"The most profound joy has much of gravity in it."

DELPHINE PATCHETT

Delphine is a songstress of marked ability, as we have often observed during the "Lit." Add to this a helpful, happy disposition and you have a student of whom we are justly proud.

MARJORIE POLLOCK

Marjorie is one of those girls who have made our school life something to be remembered. Her ability to teach good lessons has aroused our lasting admiration. Her criticisms are our envy and despair.

EVELYN POND

Behold the "savant" of Class D. Often has she saved our reputation in grammar periods. Evelyn is a hard worker and we prophesy for her no meagre success in her life work.

BEATRICE PORTER

"Bea" is well known throughout the school. She is our Friday afternoon pianist, an admirable songstress, an excellent, hard-working student and a cheerful companion.

MURIEL POTTINGER

Muriel is the living proof that one can be popular, though quiet. Her bright, cheerful manner and sunny smile have been a constant source of inspiration to us all.

*"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much, must talk in vain."*

LAURA PURVIS

Oh! what have we here? Merry, optimistic, bright and energetic is our "Lolly." Her friends are unnumbered. She is not afraid of work and is always one huge smile.

"A merry maid of mickle modesty!"

MARJORIE QUIN

Tall and stately, with a smile you enjoy waiting for, and you really can't help liking her. To describe our "Jerry" further, let us quote—

"A woman's crowning glory is her hair."

PEARL REDGRAVE

Pearl is a strong supporter of Class D; she is willing to help anyone and everyone. There's not a soul can long remain blue in her company.

*"The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together."*

RUTHERA REID

"Ruthie" comes from Kelowna, where the sun shines more brightly, the birds sing more sweetly and the apples are more juicy than anywhere else on earth. If Kelowna is anything like "Ruthie," it must be one big smile.

MARGARET RIESTERER

Margaret is another of our Nelson girls. She is an ardent lover of all sport, especially skating and hockey. Drill wouldn't be half so stiffening if performed on skates, would it "Marg"?

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HARRIET RICHMOND

"Hatty" always seems to be chosen to demonstrate the drill exercises that we are unable to do Demure and self-possessed in rain or shine.

'Consistency, thou art a jewel rare.'

DORA ROGERS

We all wonder what Class D would do without Dora. A staunch supporter of every noble enterprise, a real sport and withal a capable student, she is deserving of every commendation. Her jovial smile is an instance in which familiarity cannot breed contempt.

JOSEPHINE ROSCORLA

Silence may be golden, but "Josie" apparently doesn't follow that creed. Why should she? Volubility is her strong point—that is why everybody likes her.

ANNABEL NEILSON SERVICE

What could we do without "Teddy"? Class D most certainly would not have been so prominent in the "Five-to-One" if it had not been for her dynamic energy.

ALICE SANDIFORD

Alice is the happy possessor of a saving sense of humour that has brought a laugh to many dreary hours. She has the faculty of taking things as they come, believing in a time for work and a time for play.

"Persuasive speech and more persuasive sighs."

BETTY SAVANNAH

Betty, although the smallest girl in Class D, is one of its biggest assets. She is a conscientious student and one of our best teachers. We know now who the poet had in mind when he wrote—

*"There was a little girl,
Who had a little curl."*

ELLA SERVOLD

"Fulla pep" and good-natured, carefree mirth is Ella, but she's quite a scholar, too, and interesting to talk to.

DORIS SIEGFRIED

Tall and stately is Doris; good-natured and generous in disposition; lively and energetic in temperament.

MARY SHAW

A quiet, lovable girl is Mary, but withal a conscientious worker and a good student. What though she hails from the smoky city where chimneys and smoke stacks putrefy the morning breeze, she has been able to maintain an unsullied disposition in spite of all.

STELLA SHOPLAND

Stella is our lone representative from far-off Galiano. She is a busy person, with a decided talent along artistic lines.

"Give me a pencil and I'll draw the world."

VELMA SIMPSON

We wish to extend a hearty vote of thanks for "lending" us Velma for these few months. We wish we might have her for "keeps" n'everything.

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MARJORIE SMART

One of the "Gold Dust" twins. Where Marjorie isn't, Evelyn isn't.

"She's pretty to walk with,
She's witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

IDORA SMITH

"Ida" is a genial soul who hails from Armstrong. In the odd moments that her correspondents leave to her she manages to be an excellent student. Her usual greeting is, "Have any of you seen Dorothea lately?"

GRACE SLATER

A really grace-ful maiden—one of Class D's shining lights. Her capacity for giving lesson help to those less talented is certainly not the least of her accomplishments.

DOROTHY SCHWENGERS

Dorothy's work is all right, but about her play we would hint that:

"To excel at Mah Jong,
One should learn at Hong Kong,
And join the winning minority;
But to play golf with a putter,
With the greens soft as butter,
Will be asking too much of Dorothy."

ADELINE STOTT

Adeline has a real love of work. She likes to read story-books, press flowers, work arithmetic problems, and teach. She is known to us all by her sunny hair and golden smile.

MAY SIMS

Everyone knows easy-going, peace-loving May. She is one of our leading mathematicians and handles with ease the most complex compound sentence.

DORIS SUTHERLAND

A very popular member of our class. She enjoys singing more than any of the subjects, and, next to singing, sewing.

"I'm just as busy as I can be."

HELEN SIMPSON

Helen's home is Grand Forks. We wonder what sort of town it is. We think it must be a very nice place if the people are all like Helen.

FRANCES SCANLAN

You can always rely on Frances to help you out of a difficulty and she's as good at work as she is at play. Her term here has been crowned with success. Secretary of the "Lit," a competent student, and a general favorite—thus must we sum her up.

NELLIE STYAN

Nellie is Class D's foremost athlete. She is our representative on the Athletic Executive; she plays on the basketball team; she's a conscientious worker, physically and mentally, and an indispensable person to Class D.

KATHLEEN STEWARD

Kathleen spends most of her time trying to squash some of the unseemly levity out of Nancy's composition and in rushing madly after Loyda Norris in an attempt to locate her locker key. But she finds time for other things as well.

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JANET SMITH

Mary's greatest joy is in rounding dangerous corners and her greatest sorrow in the subsequent bandages and limps.

"Her cheeks the rose of summer hue,
Her eyes a modest azure blue."

JEAN SMALL

Yes, Jean's all right, even if she is a little pronounced in her views. Nothing could quite take the place of those little black bows.

"There's a flame in her eye,
There's a flame in her hair,
There's a flame in her temper
That signals 'Beware!'"

HAZEL STEWART

Quiet, industrious, reliable. A maiden modest and self-possessed.

JEAN SHANNON

Jean joined our joyous ranks after Christmas, but has proven herself one of our most indispensable members. We need more like her.

NELLIE SQUIRES

Lost—All our sunshine. Finder please return same to Lethbridge, Alberta.
Found—A radiant sunbeam at the Normal School, Victoria, B. C.

MARGARET THOMPSON

Margaret is one of those girls whose qualities and talents are not apparent to every superficial observer. She is of a quiet, placid disposition, which reminds us of the time-honoured adage—

"Still waters run deep."

ALICE TEVINI (Revelstoke)

Alice comes from Revelstoke, where all good students come from. A hard worker? Yes. Still she believes in the old saying that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."

NANCY TRAIL

"Venez-ici, mes amis." Please meet Class D's leading lady and worthy "Lit" representative; a familiar figure in the corridor, a bright light in the classroom, a favorite with everyone.

GRACE TRIMBLE

Gay and winsome at all times, yet withal a kindly soul.

"A certain miracle of symmetry,
A miniature of loveliness, all grace,
Summed up and closed in little."

THELMA TITTEMORE

Thelma hails from the cold and frozen North, but she does not find the balmy breezes of sunny Victoria at all incongenial. Like many other fair students she is at the stage where "To grow or not to grow, that is the question!"

DOROTHEA TRIMBLE

Dorothy's chief occupation lies in seeing that Idora is supplied with the right books at the right time. The smaller of our two Trimbles is a steady and conscientious worker, always on the spot and ready to grin at the weakest joke.

"Certainly she's a good sport."

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MARGARET WALKER

A quiet and demure maid of Class D who hails from Fanny Bay. Her unusual motto is, or seems to be—

"Little girls should be seen and not heard."

EVELYN WALLACE

Evelyn is another of our quiet little girls of whom we might truly say—

"Once your friend, always your friend."

MERLE WALLACE (Ferne)

Merle is a quiet and clever student—one of the few who always arrive at 8.44, but are never late.

"To work that we love we rise betimes and go at it with a will."

JANET WARNOCK

Janet is one of those people that makes us realize that after all the world is quite a nice place to live in.

"She makes the dark days bright,
And the bright days brighter yet."

VELMA WATCHORN

Velma is one of our Nanaimo students. She has a happy disposition and a cheery manner.

"I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm."

OLIVE WHITE

Was ever an olive white? Well, there are cases. Still this Olive is not as paradoxical as her name might suggest. She is a clever student and one who possesses the coveted talisman of the teacher.

CONSTANCE WILSON

"Connie" is a native of Victoria. Her gentle disposition and pleasing manner have placed her in high esteem among her associates.

"A kindly grace of manner and behaviour,
A something in her presence and her ways
That makes her beautiful."

JANET WILSON

A successful teacher and entertaining companion and a dependable student, Janet has many claims to a place in the hall of fame.

"A maid as merry as a lark
That sings and soars from dawn till dark."

DOROTHY HILTON

A diamond from a coal country. Dorothy is the adopted mother of Class D.

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies."

JEAN WRIGHT (Kelowna)

We have Kelowna to thank for Jean. Her never-failing energy and good nature have won for her popularity among her many friends.

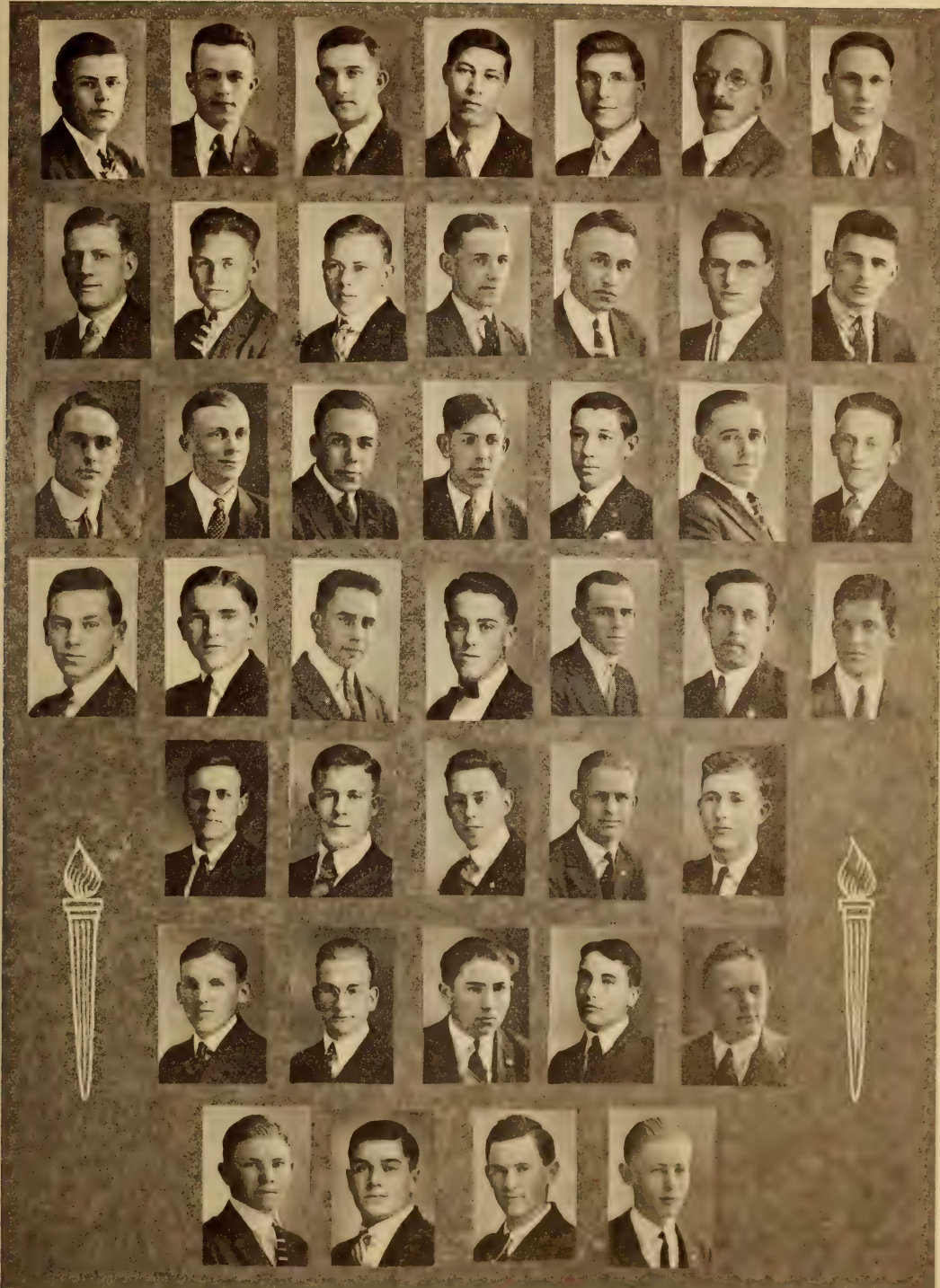
"Bright as her eyes and as her reasons clear,
All nature's charms in her appear."

Class E

JAMES ALLAN

"Jimmy" is a lad of bright and playful disposition. He was a strong point in the Rugby scrum, where his weight, aided by a considerable amount of muscle (about which he does not let anyone forget) often carried all before it.

"My strength is as the strength of ten."



[Photos by Foxall]

CLASS E

Reading from top, left to right.

Hoadley, Colbert, Breckinridge, Aspinall, Graham, Reaney, Darough, Leask, Walden, Edwardson, Foubister, Forbes, Stafford, Collison, MacKay, Anderson, Morrison, Meikle, Bisson, Elliott, Drake, Harman, Michell, Hambly, Houston, Harper, Edwards, Hughes, Aldis, Allan, Fouracre, Lundell, Brakes, Marchbank, Southworth, Fleming, Brown, Maynard, Edwardson, Williams, Campbell, Streit.

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JOHN L. R. ALDIS

*"Though modest, on his unembarassed brow
Nature had written, 'Gentleman.'"*

Aldis is our idea of the typical Englishman—reserved, mannerly and manly. He seldom speaks unless he has something worth saying; he—but no, we must not attempt to catalogue his many virtues. Let us say, however, that, as President of the Literary Society, mainstay of the Rugby scrum and booster of all literary projects, he has shown himself a man of rare capabilities.

HARRY ANDERSON

Well primed in wisdom from the U. B. C., he is ever the centre of discussion groups, where his vast fund of knowledge enables him to shine unrivalled. His unrelenting good cheer has been a source of relief in many arduous labours. We believe that scarcely a game, either of Rugby or basketball, has passed without Harry and his radiant countenance lending encouragement to, and inspiring confidence in, the players.

THOMAS E. ASPINALL

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

We have always thought a great deal of Aspinall, due partly to his quiet unobtrusive confidence, and partly to his studiousness. But who had thought of him as an elocutionist? Well, we hadn't—that is, not until we heard him recite.

RUSSELL D. BISSON

Russell is young in years, but rapidly ageing in the lore of checker playing. It has been thought, by some, that his grin is destined to bring him into prominence. Perhaps so. Still, we can't help thinking that his pugilistic talent would prove more remunerative.

WILLIAM H. BRAKES

Bill is another from the rarified air of the Victoria College. He says little in order that he may do the maximum amount of thinking. Our radio "bugs" will soon have the opportunity of hearing him broadcasting—a favorite hobby.

"Night after night he pleased his eyes with books."

D. EDGAR BRECKENRIDGE

"Ed" is captain of our basketball squad. You jest ought t'see him handle the pigskin. Um-m-m! But his achievements are not confined to basketball alone—he plays Rugby, too, and ping-pong, and it is rumored that he juggles with checkers occasionally. Still, he's not as bad as he may sound. In fact, we're rather proud of "Ed".

EVERETT J. BROWN

"A man of ideas. Full of strange words and prophecies."

Everett is quite a distributing centre of knowledge, both musical and otherwise. Sometimes, however, he will stare blankly and say, "I don't know." How foolish! As if we could believe him!

JAMES CAMPBELL

Has been another hidden light in our midst. We all know that Jim is thinking, and thinking hard, but can it be his Caledonian thrift that prevents him from sharing his wisdom with others. We are, nevertheless, indebted to him for his share in an elucidating debate.

JOHN A. COLBERT

"Art" is our one and only photographer this year, but one is all we need. He has, besides his photography, however, two striking failings: the first, for English Grammar, and the second, for socks. Indeed, so strangely has this latter weakness wrought upon his subconscious mind that he has been heard singing "My hosiery, my hosiery," to the well-known air.

NOEL COLLISON

During the past year Noel has been one of the main supports of the Rugby team. Often has his fearless tackling and hard kicking saved the day. He is also an ardent and enthusiastic devotee of the "manly art." What more need we say than that he has a weakness for loitering in secluded corners of the corridors.

NEIL W. DAROUGH

Neil is known chiefly for his jokes, which he tells with a dispassionate air and a poker face. But he is also famous as a Rugby giant, being one of the pillars of the scrum

"Ah! why should life all labour be?"

HERBERT E. DRAKE

This gentleman is small in stature but large in comprehension and guile. Still, he's a good fellow. Isn't he a good fellow? Certainly, he's a good fellow!

HERBERT W. EDWARDSON

"Herby" is not the kind who unduly push themselves to the fore. Perhaps this shows good taste; at anyrate in not doing so he finds himself in very good company. Though he is not in the habit of disclosing his ideas "to every new protestor", when one really comes to know him, he is found to be—

"A man well versed in scientific lore and Nature's wonders."

RHYS EDWARDS

A late-comer who joined us after Christmas. Edwards is a man who has seen something of the world and life in general and one who can make his experiences interesting to others.

"The secret of success is constancy of purpose."

CHARLES F. ELLIOTT

Frank was one of the "big guns" of the Rugby front line; a steady, dependable man, always where most needed. He is also a hard-working student who is destined to be a success at whatever he make take up.

"And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche."

ROBERT S. FLEMING

"Bobbie" supported the Rugby team in the capacity of half-back and also as three-quarter. In both positions he did well. In the classroom, however, he is as retiring and bashful as a mouse.

"Consistency, thou art a jewel rare."

NORMAN P. FORBES

"Norm" is one of our exceptional men—a good student, a talented teacher and a bright light in the athletic firmament. During his year at Normal he has held the position of President of the Athletic Executive, and well has he fulfilled his trust. He is also one of our crack "basketers" and the success of the team has been due in no little measure to his staunch support.

"Is not this a rare fellow, my Lord?"

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DAVID W. FOUBISTER

Another of our friends from Victoria College and one we would hate to do without. Dave has been one of the chief "score getters" of the basketball squad. Some poet, having evidently seen him play, composed the following lines to his memory:

"Oh, short was the struggle—severe the shock—
He dropped like a bullock—he lay like a block."

D. JACK FOURACRE

A keen athlete; has been in the public eye on the tennis courts, the Rugby field and at basketball. But this is not all; his achievements are more varied. He has debated before us with great skill and has recited, and it is rumored that, with a little persuasion, he might even have treated us to a song rendered in the dulcet tones of his lyric tenor.

WILLIAM J. GRAHAM

A fine chap discovered late! A great salesman and a conscientious student. Next time Graham knocks at our door, walks in and requests us to be seated, we shall merely say—

"And we go—go—go away from here,
On t'other side the world we're overdue."

JOHN R. HAMBLY

Rae is probably the most interested in sports of all the Normal men. We shall not attempt to mention all the games he plays—they vary from checkers to Rugby. The following two lines are meant to represent Hambly at the last Rugby match:

"As the shape of a corpse dimmers up through deep water,
In his eye was the passionless passion of slaughter."

GORDON F. HARPER

Capable of great things if the needful stimuli is provided. Gordon often appears to be very popular with the better, or at anyrate the larger, half of the student body.

"Oh keep me innocent; make others great."

FRANCIS H. HOADLEY

"Bill" is a man of many accomplishments. He is captain of the Rugby fifteen, star basketball player, a ping-pong fiend and editor of the "Five-to-One." "Editors are a public nuisance, like uncles who give their nieces autograph albums for birthday presents."

[Ah, well! Editors always have been the subjects of misunderstandings.—Ed.]

JOHN H. HARMAN

What shall we say of this excellent fellow? Alas, it is not always judicious to disclose all we know about any individual. Let us but say that he is a devotee of the gentle sport of Rugby, a very popular man and a member of the Annual staff.

"He is—but words would fail to tell thee what;
Think what a man should be; he is just that."

JACK HUGHES

Serene and placid in disposition, yet withal a keen student. Jack is one who is seldom heard from, except when commanding a drill squad in a stentorian voice, to "do its stuff."

"And as for me, though I can but lyte
On books for to rede, I me delyte
So hertely that there is game noon
That from my books maketh me to goon."

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JOHN HOUSTON

John is one of the few who can mix wit and Rugby. The wetter the field, the drier the wit. He is a fine chap, an enthusiast in anything to do with the school, and one of whom we can say truthfully—

"This was a man."

JOHN R. LEASK

John Russell is one of the more liberal members of Class E, who will, on the slightest provocation, expound his views on capitalists or Labour or any other subject you like to mention. Upon the Rugby field John is strongly reminiscent of neolithic or even palaeolithic man. While his ferocious tendencies hold sway he is one to be avoided, but at times he is as docile as a lamb.

THORSTEN E. LUNDELL

Answers to his familiars as "Ted." He is another of our mighty men upon the Rugby field, where his usual gentle manner is entirely absent. He is a man of golden voice and winning ways, and, to crown all, he plays the violin.

"The mildest mannered man that ever slit a throat."

WELLWOOD A. MARCHBANK

Who's that tall, distinguished-looking man? Oh, that's Wellwood. Don't you know him? We thought everybody knew him. He's one of our intellectuals—bit of a philosopher, y'know, also dabbles in science and music. He is one of those who have been selected for the Vancouver debate.

"If Nature hath gifted a man with the powers of argument, he hath a right to make best use of 'em."

MAXWELL S. MAYNARD

Our "Annual" editor has a very wide range of achievements. In the auditorium he has orated, debated, acted and played the flute, and done all of them well; whilst over and above all this he wields both pen and paint-brush with no little skill. "What we need most is not so much to realize the ideal, as to idealize the real."

D. REGINALD MACKAY

Philosopher, economist, financier, "Reg" has shown himself a man of parts—mostly good parts. He has debated well and convincingly, has acted upon numerous occasions, and is the individual whose untiring labours have made possible the "Annual." Besides all this, he is an extremely popular man and a brilliant student.

WALLACE MEIKLE

Much humour of the "Five-to-One" has used "Wally" as the butt. But this butt, unlike most butts, can always be drawn on. Mr. Meikle's musical masterpieces have made many modest maidens marvel.

"Music is well said to be the speech of angels."

HAROLD de L. REANY

From the relatively Methuselean pinnacle on which he stands he might be called the "Father of the Flock." But the passage of years has done nothing to destroy in him the first fresh bloom of youth. Many a time he has charmed us with his warbling—both literal and metaphorical—for he shines in the sphere of poetry as well as that of music. His all-absorbing hobby affords us the happy alliteration "Radio Reany."

CYRIL A. MICHELL

The keeper of the door has, we believe, many a time, like Nelson, put his telescope to his blind eye when observing the clock. His other, equally praiseworthy achievements, have been on the Rugby field and at basketball.

"His chin is but enriched with one appearing hair."

DONALD E. MORRISON

"I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm."

Throughout his Normal course "Don" has worked hard at everything from ping-pong and Rugby, to grammar and psychology. He's a good fellow and one who is sure to succeed.

J. DOUGLAS SOUTHWORTH

"Doug" is one of those steady, hard-working people who seem to be earmarked for a high official position where there is lots of work and no pay. There is scarcely a school activity that has not felt his guiding hand at some time or another. He, it was, who started the machinery of the "Five-to-One" moving and carried the shekles of the Literary Society last term.

"He's a good fellow, and 'twill all be well."

HAROLD D. STAFFORD

Who would think that beneath so seemingly calm and docile a mien there could lie the spirit of a budding Dempsey? Yet this appears to be the case, for Harold is pugilistically inclined and a keen boxer. But in spite of this, we must still believe that he is blessed with a calm serenity of outlook.

"He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play and
old men from the chimney corner."

JOSEPH J. STREIT

Streit is one of our very quietest students. Seldom does he speak except when he has some matter of tremendous importance to give the world. He is evidently one of the school that teaches, "Silence is more eloquent than words."

"He knew enough of the world to know that there is nothing in it better than
faithful service of the heart."

EDWARD THORLAKSON

An enthusiastic and hard-working convert to Rugby, "Eddie" has earned for himself a place on the team this year. But this is not the only thing for which he is noted. He is a very capable teacher and excellent company.

"He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman."

KENNETH M. WALDEN

"Ken" has very wisely been chosen to represent Class E on the Athletic Executive. Sport is one of the lines in which he excels—probably the chief of his many accomplishments. He holds a place on both the Rugby and basketball teams and is also something of a gymnast. But although so much of his valuable time has been devoted to athletics, "Ken" has also been found among social circles and upon the stage.

ROSCOE B. WILLIAMS

Our only representative of those wild and desolate tracts of the Northland. (Note, this slight indulgence in hyperbole is for effect only—we refer to Prince George.) He has not thrust himself into the limelight, but we are sure that beneath a placid surface great thoughts are evolving which will some day show themselves with good effect.



CLAUDE CAMPBELL, B. A.

Claude is one of those exceptional individuals who work and play with equal avidity. During his brief stay with us he proved himself a brilliant student, an enthusiastic athlete, a capable manager and an all-round good sport. But his greatest fame lies in the fact that he was first President of the Literary Society. It was with the deepest regret on our part that he left us at Christmas to complete his training at Vancouver.

* * * *

J. DOUGLAS LEECHMAN

Endowed with scintillating wit and unusual powers of conversation, Leechman won a reputation for himself very early in the term. He was one of our most promising students. Shortly after Christmas he left us to accept a position in the Government Museum at Ottawa.



LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Reading from top, left to right.

Lorna Jones (Past Vice-President), J. L. R. Aldis (President), Beulah Hod-dinott (Vice-President), Francis Scanlan (Secretary-Treasurer), Madge Daniels, M. S. Maynard, D. J. Southworth (Past Sec.-Treas.), Bettie Savannah, Dorothy Morton, Nancy Trail, Agnes Charlebois, Dorothy Hartree.

The Literary Society

THIS YEAR has marked the largest enrollment ever known in the Victoria Normal School. It is not surprising, therefore, that with the increase in numbers there should also be a decided development in all those things which go to make up the inner life of the institution. This, we feel, has been particularly true of the Literary Society.

Who of us will ever forget the feeling of mild suspense and anticipation with which we entered that first meeting? Absolute strangers to one another we were, collected from the four corners of a great province—little did we think what changes the year had in store. But now, as we look back, we begin to realize that much of our development has been directly due to the Literary Society.

Following the practice of former years, the first meeting of the Society was spent in the election of officers. The results of the election were as follows: Mr. Claude Campbell, President; Miss Lorna Jones, Vice-President; Mr. Southworth, Secretary-Treasurer. This executive, assisted by the class representatives, undertook the exceedingly difficult task of "breaking the ice," by putting on the first programme. Thereafter the weekly programmes did not lack variety, everything, from the witty monologue to the serious debate being featured, and music, the balm of aching brains and weary souls being ever present to soothe the disheartened and discouraged.

The Spring term commenced with a change in the Literary Executive. Mr. Aldis was elected to the honour of the presidency, Miss Hoddinott became Vice-President, and Miss Scanlan undertook the rather arduous duties of Secretary.

Interesting speeches were given on several occasions during this term. Mr. Southworth, in his talk on "Consider the Goat," told us that we should not go far astray if we took friend "Billie" as our model. For "Bill" always uses his head and if he doesn't succeed the first time, he calmly puts down his head and butts at it again. Mr. Maynard gave a very interesting talk on "Art and Civilization," valiantly defending the efforts of the modern artist. "Artists," he said, "are grossly neglected and misunderstood. No nation can hope to produce really great work while such a condition exists." Mr. Maynard went on to show that painters and sculptors of today were apparently groping in the dark. "Eventually," he said, "they will find the light." Then Mr. Graham, our salesman, told us the secret of "How to get into a person's house." Mr. Graham is not a burglar, he's only a salesman, but a past master in this line of business. He provided us with many amusing stories and anecdotes from his experiences. The final talk, which proved very interesting and instructive, was given by Mr. Stafford, on "Coal Mining." Mr. Stafford has had considerable first-hand experience in coal mining and showed himself to be possessed of a well-stocked vocabulary and a somewhat whimsical humour.

Three debates were held during the year and in some cases the interest ran very high. The subjects debated were: "Resolved that civilization is a success"; "Resolved that the Oriental should be excluded," and "Resolved that France is justified in her occupation of the Rhur." In each of these debates the speakers manifested a thorough knowledge of the subject and were prepared to stand by their convictions to the bitter end.

Perhaps the most notable afternoon of the whole year was that on which Miss Frances Nickawa, the noted Indian elocutionist, very kindly visited us.

Despite the fact that Miss Nickawa's engagements were so numerous, her visit to the Normal School was quite a lengthy one and it was unanimously agreed that we had been the recipients of no little honour. The most striking characteristic of Miss Nickawa's art is her absolute naturalness. This quality, plus an unusually clear and musical voice, have placed her in the very front rank of her profession. She regards her talent as something which imposes a great responsibility upon her and goes into the world with a very definite message for all her audiences.

Another interesting feature of this term's programme was the short play given by the Athletic Executive. Although to many of the members this was rather a new line of activity, the play was conceded by all to be one of the very best of the year.

In summing up this article, we must not forget to express our thanks to Mr. Freeman for the able supervision and advice which he has given throughout the year, and also to the rest of the faculty, who have at all times encouraged our efforts.

Thus endeth the chronicle of a most worthy and honourable society.

The "Five-to-One"

First Editorial Board—Editor, Mr. J. D. Southworth; Athletics, Mr. F. H. Hoadley; Class A, Miss Charlebois; Class B, Miss Laidman; Class C, Miss Marrs; Class D, Miss Service.

Second Editorial Board—Editor, Mr. F. H. Hoadley; Athletics, Mr. K. Walden; Class A, Miss Cyderman; Class B, Miss Laidman; Class C, Miss Marrs; Class D, Miss Service.

Shortly after Christmas some of the more progressive members of the student body conceived the bright idea of publishing a weekly paper. Perhaps no enterprise that had as yet been undertaken called for half the labour that must of necessity accompany such a publication. But the sponsors of the suggestion were enthusiasts, hence the appearance of the "Five-to-One." Yes, the title may seem somewhat ambiguous to an outsider, and rather crude to the supercritical and sophisticated cynic. But, after all, what more significant title could we give to a paper published by a student body of two hundred and thirty women and forty-five men?

Early in the new year the first copy of the "Five-to-One" made its appearance. It was characterized by numerous witty remarks, humorous verses, and jokes, and chronicled our success in Rugby and basketball. The succeeding numbers proved equally, indeed more entertaining than the first, and met with an approval, both of faculty and students, that must have been highly gratifying to the editorial board.

But while the "Five-to-One" has been a constant source of mirth and a means of developing the literary talent of the school, it has also served another purpose—less apparent, perhaps, but certainly no less real. "For the temper of a period," it has been said, "for the roots and the motives of its historical life, a ballad will often convey as much as a battle, a drinking song as the dooms of a dynasty, or the wanderings of a troubadour as the wanderings of a tribe. When men are taken off their guard, as they are and not as they want to appear, a tale may be the key to many a Court chronicle." May we not suggest, therefore, that in precisely the same way a weekly publication, however small, may be the truest mirror of the life of any institution?

Inspiration

Prefatory Note—Recorded among the works of the poet Hood is a suggestion of inestimable value that was offered to the public through the columns of a periodical. It was a new form for the expression of poetical ideas which combined the advantages of blank verse with the euphony of rhyme.

It appears, however, that the latent possibilities for the expression of the finer emotions that it offered were passed by unheeded, and apart from the originator's initial production, no other writer of note has made it the vehicle of his thoughts.

It is to be hoped that something of its intrinsic qualities of beauty may yet be given the recognition that it deserves that the following contribution has been written.

If the muses had inspired my pen, then, men,
I, for your joy and pleasure, might write light
And airy rhymes, or not disperse worse verse
Than that which men, for Milton, built on gilden
Memories, and round whose same name fame
Has left a great, and full of glory, story hoary
Time's attack and savage ravage have age
Long left standing, safe to ride, tried, tide
After tide, whilst waves of fashion's passion dash on,
And to remain to the storm's last blast fast.

Or, in a more insane a vein, again,
I might produce some pretty witty ditty,
That should haply bring to birth mirth worth
More than heaps of untold gold, sold
And bought in squalid marts—toil's broils' spoils
But, since the muses, as you see, flee me—
And, alack, my mind has got but rot not
Fit to make a young giraffe calf laugh—
Perhaps 'twere best I stop before more raw
Lines I write; for I enough rough stuff
Have penned; and being not a poet (blow it!), know it
Will surely all who wish to shirk work irk
To glean, with toil intense sense hence.

But though I'm not indeed a pleader, reader,
Yet from these lines—I do today pray—may
It ensue a few of you, and without undue rue too,
I'll imbue through and through with some true new view.

J. L. R. ALDIS.



ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Reading from top, left to right

Hilda Cryderman (Vice-President), Norman P. Forbes (President), Ella Lewis (Secretary-Treasurer), Nellie Styan, Dorothy Davidson (Secretary-Treasurer 1923), Jack Fouracre, Kenneth Walden, Vera Palmer, Jean Wright, Gwen Hawthornthwaite, Hope McGauley, Elaine Fox, Lillian Barnett.

Athletics

CHARACTERIZED by defeats, bad luck and general maladministration of the fates, we can lay but a slender claim to greatness in athletics. Indeed our one and only pride has been in the women's basketball. Our success upon the Rugby field and in the men's basketball has been dogged by some malicious and evil-minded jinx.

If we were required to find an explanation for this we might find ourselves in a quandary. It cannot be for want of leadership. Those who have captained the various teams are deserving of the highest praise and did their utmost to pilot their men to victory. Neither can it be for lack of material. We have but to turn our eyes to the three front rows in the Auditorium to assure ourselves of this. Let us say, then, that it must be for lack of practice, lack of coaching and for certain other very obvious reasons which we need not mention.

The women's athletics for this year, although confined strictly to basketball, were very successful. A very fine senior team was chosen which represented the Normal School in City League. In this class they were only defeated once, taking second place in the league standing. The team was as follows:

Forwards—Hilda Best, Alice Brown.

Centre—Nellie Styan.

Guards—Blossom Barnett, Ella Lewis.

In the inter-school games and those played outside the City League the team secured an almost unbroken string of victories. One of the most exciting and creditable of these victories was that over the Fidelis girls' team of this city. The



score was 9-8. The Fidelis girls are now Senior Champions of British Columbia and have only been beaten twice this year.

On the whole the girls' team made an excellent showing and is to be congratulated for carrying the school colours to so many notable victories.

Men's Basketball

The men's basketball team this year has participated in some exceedingly close and exciting games. Unfortunately, however, each member of the team played on one of the other city teams, which prevented the Normal School from entering the city league. Thus handicapped, the team had to rely on individual games for practice. The team was as follows:

Forwards—Ken Walden, Bill Hoadley. *Centre*—Ed. Breckenridge.

Guards—Norman Forbes, Dave Foubister.

Some of the most interesting games were played against the Victoria College. In the first and last of these encounters Normal was victorious, winning the first game by one point and the last by three points. The other two games were won by the College. Against the High School we were not so fortunate. Both games with this team were lost, the first by a small margin, and the second—well, let us not mention that second game. But although our success in men's basketball has not been outstanding as far as winning games is concerned, nevertheless we feel that the team is deserving of much credit.



Rugby

This year a great deal of interest has been shown in Rugby. The team was entered in the City Intermediate League, with high hopes of holding the Heyland Cup, won last year. During the early part of the year many games were lost on account of there being so few experienced men on the team, but by Christmas considerable improvement had been made.

In the "knockout" series, which was played after Christmas, we were fairly successful and reached the semi-finals. The last game of the season, played against the Oak Bay Wanderers, was in many respects the most spectacular of the year. Water polo, however, is a game comparatively unknown to us, hence our defeat. From the spectators' view-point it must have been delightful. The grounds were immersed under several feet (square feet, of course) of exceedingly dirty and unhealthy-looking water, somewhat reminiscent of the gory battlefields of old. In this game the greater weight of our opponents gradually forced our lighter team to give ground and, late in the second half, the ball found its way across our touch-line.

Though only three wins and two draws were registered to our credit, the team is to be congratulated on the sportsmanlike spirit in which it took defeat and in the great improvement made in the playing.

The team that represented the school during the season was:

Forwards—Aldis, Allan, Darough, Houston, Elliott, Hambly, Harman, Morrison.

Half-Backs—Michell, Hoadley (Capt.).

Three-Quarters—Breckenridge, Fleming, Leask, Walden.

Full-Back—Collison.



Tennis

The Spring Tennis Tournament is now well under way. The "buzz" of the mowing machines and the "swish" of sprinklers are heard constantly upon the campus. And many are the gentle and the gallant hearts thus roused to deeds of glory.

It is not surprising that tennis should have so large a following at Normal. Have we not the most perfect outlook, the greenest lawns—yes, and the most congenial partners one could wish? And isn't it the most *be—utiful* game?—so picturesque, too! Certainly tennis is a nice game. Isn't it a nice game?

At the time of going to press no tournament games had been played. Much hard practice, however, was taking place and many were the stiff and aching limbs to be seen in corridor and classroom. Of course, we cannot make note of the winners. But certain it is that someone will be the winner, so let's congratulate him—or rather, "them" (there'll be two, y'know). Hereby, ye happy couple, do we bestow our blessings upon your worthy heads!

Hooray! that's done, and in one hundred and sixty words, too. Not bad, is it? And really there isn't any more for us to say.



Broken Wings

Through my window many pictures lie.
In clear, cool mornings stretch long-rolling plains
Green-drenched in dew, to meet a fair, pale sky;
By gorgeous eves a fiery, living sun
Rides purple-charioted—day's conquest won,
And in the deeps below the dream remains.

Framed in my window burn the white-lit streets
Of many people going many ways;
Dark forests, sun-kissed flowers, long wave beats
On shore, weird shadows in the startling light
Of harvest moons, soft-falling snow, storm's might.
O' every minute of my nights and days,

Some new scene lies within my window frame,
And I can only count the merest few
Of all my pictures, and the joy half name
That stirs my soul unfathomably deep
With speechless wonder, tears I cannot weep,
But I like unframed pictures best—don't you?

MARGARET GILLATT.

Whispers

Year by year the seasons pass and nature whispers of their coming. Many hear her voice and understand—but some are deaf to the soft insistent murmurings, and do not answer the appeal of Nature's messengers. To you who do not understand I will tell of the signs of the seasons—that you too will recognize the voice when it comes.

One April morning, standing in the glory of a warm sunrise I heard the first whisper which told of coming spring. It was the silver softness of a zephyr's wing brushing my face—and I heard the rustle of all things growing—saw the deepening blue of the sky and smelt the strong fresh odor of the brown earth. Then the Lady Spring herself came tripping over the greensward, and all the earth was full of joy and merriment. Gayly she danced into the hearts of men, and with a blissful sigh they laid aside their cares and lolling lazily beside some long-forgotten streamlet dreamed that once more Life was at the Spring, and all the world was rosy-hued. Into the heart of youth she danced, for a young heart feels the challenge of the season when the first green shoots appear. Spring came, and once more slipped away, her white-clad form hidden amid a shower of falling blossoms. The soft and tinted colors of the spring-tide turned to a more vivid hue, the great pale gold of the sun became a molten flame of saffron, and I listened for the whisper which would herald in the summer, beloved season of sunshine and roses.

It came one morning with the dawn, breathed softly from the uncurling petals of a great white rose—a flower of waxen purity beaded with diamond-dew. As I bent above the perfect blossom to catch its fragrance a whisper came from the depths of its snowy heart and I knew that summer indeed was coming. Surely there never could be such a season of joy, of mirth and merry making! Flowers everywhere! Birds forever singing! The green of the trees and the purple of the waves! Man and nature in harmony!

In the forest glades close by the tinkling waters of a mountain stream the whisper of autumn came to me. A whirling leaf, crisp and brown, fluttered to my feet, and murmured the sad, sad message of the dying season, while the sentinel pines rustled their great branches and moaned the dirge of the autumn days. Although the music of autumn is often a glad refrain, filled with the lilting melodies of nature's bounty, of the ripened grain and harvesthome—yet there is a haunting undertone of wistful longing running throughout, and one turns to murmur with the poet,

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
"Tears from the depth of some divine despair,
"Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes
"In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
"And dreaming of the days that are no more."

All too soon the purple haze of autumn turned to a cold bleak grayness, and one November day a wandering snowflake whispered of the coming winter. Then I saw the sparkle of snow, banked trees, a dazzling whiteness, and the tang of frosty nights. The world seemed wrapped in muffled softness never to be broken. But at night, under the snow-clad pines, when the moonlight streamed across the snow like the trailing ends of a silver scarf, I heard a peal of bells across the snow—heralds of the glad New Year—and then came the sweetest whisper of all: "If winter comes can spring be far behind?"—and the sentinel pines gravely shook their heads in answer to the question—for season by season they had watched the passing years—and they knew.

LORNA JONES.

What's a Man To Do?

THERE is a scandalous rumour abroad—I give it for what it is worth—that the *average man* takes up his life work much in the same way that Joe Callahan's pig takes her breakfast. That there is a grain of truth in the statement, no one will deny—therein lies its utter falseness. For, having a grain of truth it makes pretence to be *the* truth. And such is the insidiousness of the thing that many innocent and believing souls are led into accepting an idea “prima facie,” that is fundamentally and entirely wrong.

Now, gentle reader, I would have you understand that I am an *average man*. Hence, by that subtle process which we term “induction,” even though you may be comparatively dull, you shall readily see that what applies to me may be taken to apply to most men. And whatever thoughts or ideas are common to me, will, in all probability, be common to you—that is, of course, if you are the *average man*. But let me proceed.

Some days ago I commenced to think. Mistake me not, gentle reader—that labour is not at all uncommon with me. This time, however, it was of my own volition. The truth of the matter is just this: I was thinking seriously (and I am an *average man*) regarding what vocation, or you may say, “pursuit” I should pursue.

There are times in the experiences of all *average men*, when either by the intensity of their own thought or by some divine indulgence, they attain a slight degree of what we might call “prophetic insight.” Modesty forbids that I lay claim to so divine a grace in any but the mildest measure. Indeed, it may be an insuperable and inherent conceit which tells me that on this occasion I saw “*de rerum natura*,” something of the hidden heart of things. And yet so it seemed to me as I pondered deeply upon the mysteries of life and what pursuit I should pursue.

Naturally the first vocation to arise from the cumulus mass of tentative professions and present itself for examination, was teaching. Now, I am considerably influenced by the opinions of others, especially when these are garbed in the all sufficing raiment of eloquence. Hence the pedagogical profession stood very high in the bidding. I recalled many eloquent and powerful appeals for the profession, many overwhelming arguments in its favor. “Yes,” I consented at length, “school teaching is the only thing.”

There was, however, one drawback, one so potent as to eclipse almost entirely all the eloquence that I had ever heard. Need I name that drawback? It is the eternal stumblingblock to all *average men*—namely, salary. (Rather happy phrase that—“eternal stumblingblock”—and it's so apt too, y'know.) Well, had I been a great man I should have given it not a thought. The dignity of the profession, the worthiness of the labour, these would have immediately turned the balance towards a life of blackboards and chalk dust. But then I am not a great man. Again, had I been anything less than the *average man*, the paucity of the monthly pay-check would have as certainly decided the matter in favour of some more remunerative business. But, as I have already stated, I am decidedly an *average man*. There hangs the matter.

Then must the pendulum swing towards lucre—filthy, abominable, accursed, but delightful and desirable. There are many ways of gaining this thing which “many men desire.” I shall mention but a few of the most common. First, one may turn bank-robber—a most profitable and interesting pastime. Or, a man

may, if he is reasonably cautious, indulge in that most romantic of all present-day occupations, the "bootleg" industry. If this offers not sufficient diversion and does not pay handsome dividends, he may correlate with it the "dope" traffic. But if his taste and talent lie in a quieter and less adventurous life, let him buy for himself a pair of very dark spectacles and a little dog and set up shop at some busy street corner, appealing to feminine sympathy under the title, "Lady, help a poor blind man."

This last, gentle reader, made a very strong appeal to me. Had I been a great man, I fear it had carried the day. Such a profession offers much time for contemplation and unsurpassed opportunities for the study of human nature. But not being a great man, I had not sufficient moral backbone to stand the "slings and arrows" which are invariably the lot of those who seek such a means of livelihood.

The next thing to present itself for consideration was that time-honoured and noble practice of the leech. The medical profession is one which is especially attractive to the average man for two reasons. First, it payeth handsomely. Second, it is well thought of and highly respected. But for all this I could not make up my mind in this direction—that also, for two reasons. First, it requireth over much labour. Second, there is considerable danger in finding one's self hopelessly out of date in this profession. For, in spite of the imprecations of medical men, it is quite evident that there is much sound logic and common sense to be found in chiropractors, osteopaths and the like. So much so that the ordinary "doctor" is facing the danger of being soon classed as obsolete. Hence, if one would be really safe in the medical profession, one must be familiar with at least half a dozen different modes and methods of healing. These would require approximately fifteen or twenty years of hard and inglorious study. And, gentle reader, the *average man* is burdened with no superfluous amount of patience and none too many shekels.

Doubtless it has occurred to you, that to practice any of these newer medical cults would be sufficient in itself to earn a reasonable living wage. Let me remind you, however, that I am an *average man*, and *average* men have considerable personal pride. Just imagine the discomfort that such a man would experience in being unable to cure, let us say, a cancer, by juggling with the spinous processes of an old gentleman's vertebrae. Rather humiliating, what? Quite so!

To make a long story short, I considered many other lines of business—practically everything in fact—but all, when weighed in the balance, were found wanting. Politics were obviously out of the question for one who is of a sensitive, retiring nature. Law? well law may be very attractive to some, but I have an inherent dislike of settling other people's disputes. In fact, to be quite frank, I have no little difficulty in settling my own. The ministry I considered thoughtfully and carefully. I decided, however, that it was no profession for the *average man*. At length I was forced to reconsider pedagogy as a life work. Blessed relief! Here might I rest my befuddled brain. Here might I cling as to a rock amid the treacherous whirlpools and the swirling waters of professions. Here, at last, was a job for the *average man*.

But, as I was going to say, there is really—that is—there really isn't any such thing as an *average man*, just as there isn't any such creature as a normal Normal student. He is a being which exists, like the "straight line" or the "point," in imagination only—a hypothetical creature y'know. So what's a man to do?

At the Photographers

THAT hard-working servant of the B. C. Electric—the No. 10 car—ground heavily and jerkily to a stop, and, wondering at the vaguely sick feeling which was invading my usually placid interior, I raised my eyes. No wonder I felt ill! There, in front of me, plainly to be seen through the car windows, and rearing its lofty head to the skies, to quote Virgil, stood the Sayward Building, and, streaming off the car, along the pavement, and into the maw of that stone giant, were other victims, going, like myself, to the slaughter, each wearing a small diamond-shaped label, engraved with the magic letters, P. N. S. Jumping up hurriedly, I followed where they led.

At the end of a gloomy corridor stood two funereal black gratings. These being drawn aside, I, in the company of some half-dozen silent fellow-beings, entered a small cage-like compartment, where a narrow slab of mirror reflected back a pale and haggard countenance which my own mother would not have recognized.

A jerk, and the cage was flung heavenwards, the inner organs of the entire assemblage, to judge by myself, being left behind. In silence we ascended, until, painted white upon a sinister black background, the mystic number "6" was observed. A series of smaller jerks, and the cage vomited us forth, a reeling company, into a narrow passage, lined with doors bearing various notices, some being further garnished with the word "Private." Following the others, I walked in a dazed fashion to a door bearing the motto: "Photographer. Walk in!"

On obeying this injunction, I found myself in a small room, bedecked with the likenesses of those who had gone before me, all, to judge by their vacuous expressions, in various stages of imbecility.

A moment later I was in a still smaller room, being handed, by a somewhat harassed lady, a blank card on which, I learnt, I was to write my name and address. My card was further adorned with the magic figure "4." I filled in the card and straightened my tie as well as was possible, having attempted in vain to get even the most distant glimpse of myself in the looking-glass. Then, having marked, learned, and inwardly digested the contents of an album of photographs of people I had never seen nor am likely to see, I was led by the proprietress, by this time even more harassed, into the inner shrine of the place, and was there handed over to a comparatively benevolent-looking gentleman with a grey moustache, who conducted me to a seat beneath a somewhat diminutive member of the umbrella family, manufactured, as far as I could judge, from white cheese-cloth.

The next few minutes (it seemed hours, but I was assured afterwards that it was but a short time) I will not attempt to describe. It passed, and eventually came to an end, as do all experiences of a gruesome nature. To tell of the strange and awful rites performed by the chief priest of that sanctuary, to describe the myriad expressions which, at his august bidding, my long-suffering features assumed, of the cramps and irritations which attacked the supposedly recumbent parts of my person, would take several volumes.

"Ah," he would say, when for a moment I felt more or less at my ease, "now you're looking forced, aren't you? I want you to feel pleased here" (tapping his chest). Inwardly writhing I drew myself up, while a cold and glassy expression stole over my countenance, as the ice sheet must have descended during the

glacial period. Darting quickly beneath a canopy of olive-green velvet, and as quickly reappearing to change the position of a screen, while surreptitiously squeezing the end of a long black tube. "There," he said, "that will do for one. Now for the next!"

Some time has passed and o'er my shattered nerves is beginning to steal a restful calm. The proofs have arrived. "Perfectly adorable," someone has said, "just look, not a single freckle! How like you!" "Heavens! do I look like that? Surely, surely I am not quite as pictured there! Another sitting? Nay, my dear friend, rather let this caricature be handed down to posterity as a 'speaking likeness' than that! I rate my sanity too highly to undergo a second time that refined species of torture generally known as—'sitting for one's photograph.'"

NANCY TRAIL.

A Rhyme of the Moment

The burning question 'mongst the men is,
 "Shall we, or shall we not, play tennis?"
 Whilst every shrinking, modest girlie,
 Be her complexion rose or pearly,
 Tho' not the one to make suggestion,
 With eagerness awaits this question:

"Oh maiden fair, or maiden dark
 (Just as the case may be),
 Wilt thou unto my pleading hark,
 And grace the court with me?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you
 Grace the court with me?"

"The greens are fair and smooth, my love,
 The nets are trim and tight,
 And with our racquets raised above,
 The light, white ball we'll smite."

The maiden says, "It is no use,
 You have too many *faults*."
 Then he replies, "Ain't that the *Deuce*?"
 And there his pleading halts.
 But then he gathers up his nerve,
 Again renews his plea,
 And says, "I only wish to *serve*,
 Oh, won't you serve with me?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,
 Will you serve with me?"

The modest maiden, now less callous,
 Is caught within his *nets*,
 And when he boldly urges, "Shall us?"
 She lisps in whispers, "*Lets!*"

H. de L. REANEY.

Dolores: A Psychological Study

(With Profuse Apologies)

YES, this was the spot, and he would be here any minute. How her heart was thumping. "Oh, joy, joy, joy," she was singing to herself, "he will soon be here." She could recall his very words—heavenly words which he had whispered to her. "Darling," he had said, "adorable angel, when the moon shines upon the duckpond, I will be with you." He had said this to her. Oh, joy!

Then she thought of her brother. Yes, she could remember what he had said to her that morning. He had called her "Spooney." He had made fun of Clarence. He had mocked her sacred emotions and made sport of her secret love. She could forgive him for these—they were directed against herself and she would bear them for his sake. But oh, awful agony! a thousand times worse than this—he had teased Clarence to his face and called him "Sissy." He, her brother, had teased Clarence—Clarence from the city; Clarence of the pompadour; Clarence of the bow tie; Clarence, the immaculate; Clarence, her beloved. Oh, cruelty unspeakable, outrage infinite! How she hated him for it. She would never forgive him.

The moonbeams were tracing delicate patterns on the cowshed and filtering weirdly on the duckpond. Clarence had often told her that her eyes were more beautiful than many moonbeams. So she let her thoughts drift with them for a few minutes. They were very beautiful. They made her think of Clarence, so she heaved a sigh.

A little breeze stirred the laburnum leaves. She could feel it gently kissing her freckled forehead. She liked to feel it so. Clarence had once told her that her voice was sweeter than the summer breezes. How nice it was to have a sweet voice! Then she thought of Clarence, so she heaved a long, wistful sigh that reverberated through the deepest caverns of her tender soul.

But hark! she could hear footsteps. Oh, angelic bliss! It must be Clarence. Her breath was coming in quick little gasps. She put one finger in her mouth—a fat, red finger, like a boiled lobster. She put her other hand to her heart. "It is Clarence," she murmured, "It is he!"

A voice called softly to her through the bushes. Her imagination told her that it was a lovely voice, therefore it must be Clarence. Her heart was beating wildly. She could contain herself no longer. "Clarence," she cried, "my hero."

An extatic leap, then bliss—heavenly bliss. Here could she forget her weary weight of woe. Oh, joy, joy, joy! She looked up into his eyes. Ruthless disillusionment! it was her brother. Oh, cruel, cruel world!

"THE CYNIC."

This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of nature instead of a feverish selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy. And also the only real tragedy in life is the being used by personally minded men for purposes which you recognize as base.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Sonnet

You, who amid the earth's unnumbered ways
 Have ever been fair Beauty's worshipper,
 To you she shows the very heart of her,
 And in the dull monotony of days
 Reveals a joy. And in the barren place
 She scatters laughter in the dew and tells
 The devious ways to her own citadels,
 And breathes a mild benignity and grace.

Not in the train of potentates and kings,
 Nor in the pedant's philosophic screeds,
 But where the meadow lark at morning sings
 Among the sighing and the swaying reeds—
 There, in the solitude of silence dwells
 Beauty, among her silent citadels.

M. M.

The Vancouver Debate

PROBABLY the topic uppermost in the minds of all loyal Normalites is the Vancouver debate, a contest that has now been held annually for several years. Few of us, perhaps, realize what it means to establish a custom such as this—it is the building up of a tradition, and tradition plays an important part in the development of an institution. The Victoria Normal School has not the copious fund of age-old customs that have meant so much to Rugby, Harvard or Eaton. We have not the historic backing of Oxford or Cambridge. But we may, by faithfully supporting what customs we have, help to establish an esprit de corps that will mean much in future years.

The subject that has been chosen for the debate this year is one that has been giving rise to much discussion. "Resolved that an Academic Education is of more value to the average high school student than a Technical Education." Those who have been chosen to represent Victoria are Misses Conroy and Scanlan and Messrs Marchbank and Fouracre. At the time of going to press the debate has not taken place but we have every hope for the success of the Victoria debaters and feel confident that they will acquit themselves most worthily.



D. J. Fouracre

Francis Scanlan

W. A. Marchbank

Agnes Conroy

A Choice of Evils

A Short Play in One Act

Dramatis Personae: The Nature Lover. The Mass. The Brute.

[The time is an afternoon in July. The scene in a country lane. To the right is seen a stile leading from a field. Just in front of this stile is a little man, wearing a soft and shapeless felt hat, a pair of very convex spectacles and a shabby grey suit, while hanging at his side is a small japanned tin box. He is on all fours, apparently very intent on something on the ground before him. A slow muttering is heard.]

Yes! — — Yes! — — Yes! — — Well! — Well — At last! — —
At last!

The little man slowly rises from his all fours position, sits back on his heels and gazes lovingly at a little object that he holds between his finger and thumb. The muttering continues——

Well! — Well! — Wonderful! — — Wonderful! — — (the little man gazes skyward). "To me the meanest flower that blows — —" (his gaze returns to the flower). Yes, yes, as I thought, six stamens and two pistils (his eyes revert to the sky) "can give thoughts that do often lie — — (again the flower claims his attention) — indeed a curious perianth — (he once more scans the sky) — do often lie too deep for tears." Well! well! to think that I've been searching for this one specimen for weeks, and now, when I had given up all hope of finding it, here it is! Things always come when least expected.

(This aphorism is hardly spoken before it assumes something of a prophetic aspect: a large mass comes hurtling over the stile, passes above the Nature Lover so closely as to remove his hat and lands in a shapeless heap before him.)

Nature Lover (looking around in bewilderment for the source of this bombardment): Dear me! — really most singular.

(The Mass, with much puffing and blowing, and grunting, and groaning, mingled profusely with the other expressions of wrath—fortunately not very audible, due to lack of breath—disentangles itself, sits upright, and becomes very busily engaged in mopping its brow. The Mass is seen to have a figure well described by the name which his first undignified appearance suggested. If his face gives any suggestion of sweetness, it can only be through association with the idea of a beetroot.)

Nature Lover (his face suddenly lighting up as he finds a solution to the mystery): Er — excuse me, but I have so often wanted to meet someone who knows from experience; now, do you really find it worth while?

The Mass (remonstratively): Worth while? You don't think I'd have done it if I could've helped it, do you? Why! another yard and the brute would have had me.

Nature Lover: Oh, I thought you were "reducing," but perhaps I am under some misapprehension. Your exertion was due, I gather, to some external agency of which I do not yet understand the nature. (A reverberating bellow issues from the far side of the stile. Both men start violently.) The Nature Lover continues: Ah! yes, yes, yes, I think I grasp the situation; I might have guessed; *bos ferocissimus*! or, less technically, the domestic bull. He has been pursuing you, I presume?

The Mass (with some animation): I should — ! ! ! — say he has, and I can tell you you've no notion what it feels like to be running for your life with a great snorting lump of beef in your wake. Why! you can kind of sense that pair

of horns just in the rear, ready to hurl you into nowhere. Believe me, it'll take nothing less than the Old Man himself to get me across that field again.

Nature Lover: Really, really, your experience must have proved most vexatious, I am sure. But, you know, when it comes down to a choice of evils, I'm confident you will find many things less desirable than bulls. To me there is always in the bull a certain nobility of character.

The Mass: H'm — and just how do you make that out?

Nature Lover: Well, in its lofty disposition, in its endless refusal to be reconciled to the bonds of tyranny, there is something of that dauntless courage that has animated the heroes of history; men such as Caractacus, Sir Guy Carleton, Henry Ford, and Lloyd George. Surely the indomitable fearlessness with which it launches its attack upon its captors makes some appeal to your innate sense of the beautiful.

The Mass: Well, I can't say that was quite the way it struck me; besides, it doesn't seem to know enough to confine its attentions to its actual captors—lacking in discrimination I call it. But maybe you are right; possibly you know from experience.

Nature Lover: Well I can't say that I have actually been chased by one, but I have often observed them closely, and delighted in all their little joys, and grieved for their discomforts. Even if I should find myself in a relationship to one of them that was of the somewhat trying nature that you have lately experienced, I feel assured that I should not allow my personal prejudice to interfere with my higher judgment or to detract from my profound admiration for the species.

The Mass (ironically): I'm afraid you have an uncommonly lofty mind. It's difficult for most of us to see things just that way. (He rises, as if to go.)

Nature Lover: Oh, not at all, it's the simplest thing on earth; it's just a question of the standpoint from which one views things. (He rises also.) If you are coming along my way, perhaps we could talk things over, and I am sure I should quickly bring you to see something of the joy that one reaps from a sense of reconciliation with the great animate world around one.

The Mass (trying to look disappointed): Well, I'm sure that's awfully good of you, but I'm really on my way to Mugglesford and ought to be getting along.

Nature Lover (beamingly): Mugglesford! Why, that's splendid, that's just the way I'm going myself!

The Mass (much taken aback, looks crestfallen for a moment, then his face suddenly lightens up.; he fumbles for his watch): H'm — half-past four! You know, I think I shall have to give up the idea of getting over to Muggiesford today, or I shan't get back for supper. I suppose if I go down this other way it'll take me back to Plumpington all right?

Nature Lover: Yes, but, as you don't know the road, and I've a bit of time to spare, I'll come with you part of the way, and we can have our little chat after all. Good company makes light travel, you know.

The Mass (his brows knit; the manner in which he alternates between chewing his nails and running his fingers through his hair shows him to be thinking deeply; he looks at his watch again): You know, it's really so late I think I ought to get back the shortest way. (He moves towards the stile.) I'm sorry we shan't be able to have that little chat, but I should hate to get home late. (He mounts the stile.) When it comes to a choice of evils, I suppose you are right, there are things worse than a bull. (He disappears.)

Nature Lover (following him towards the stile): I'm not sure that I won't come along, too. (Just as he reaches the stile another of those reverberating bellows is heard from the brute.)

Nature Lover (stopping and thinking a moment): Well, perhaps I should be getting back, too.

As he saunters off up the lane he is heard to be muttering: Yes, yes, what a joy it is to be a force for good in the world! There is another fellow-being I have inspired with a new trust in our dumb neighbours.

A great bellowing is heard somewhat in the distance, while the keener ears (and those whose taste runs to tragic endings) pick out also what appears to be a human shriek.—*Curtain.*

Cradle Song

Moonbeams
In golden leaf'd glades,
Soft cedared shades
Of dreams.

Sweetheart lay thy head
Upon thy pillowed bed,
And rest thy baby feet
In slumber sweet.

For the night wind stealeth by
Thy cradle drowsily;
The Fairy Moon hath shed
Her silver on thy bed;
Flowers bend and nod;
The dew is on the sod.

Hush, thine eyelids fall
Like dew upon the pearl;
No shadows creep
Upon thy sleep.

But music's lilt mid mists and meadows sweeping
Thy slumbers seal;
Low murmurings steal
From fairy fountains foaming;
Goblins in hyacinth bells are sleeping.

Deep in the dewy moss the violets breathe
Their odorous balm.
Jasmine and honeysuckle wreath
Their rich perfume,
While dreams of Paradise
Like vapours rise
From out the glimmering gloom.

Moonbeams,
In gently sleeping glades,
Soft cedared shades
And dreams.

M. M.

At Monastery Gates

(Selected from the Essays of Alice Meynell)

NO woman has ever crossed the inner threshold, or shall ever cross it, unless a queen, English or foreign, should claim her privilege. Therefore, if a woman records here the slighter things visible of the monastic life, it is only because she was not admitted to see more than beautiful courtesy and friendliness were able to show her in guest-room and garden.

The Monastery is of fresh-looking Gothic, by Pugin—the first of the dynasty; it is reached by the white roads of a limestone country, and backed by a young plantation, and it gathers its group of buildings in a cleft high up among the hills of Wales. The brown habit is this, and these are the sandals, that come and go by hills of finer, sharper, and loftier line, edging the dusk and dawn of an Umbrian sky. Just such a Via Caucis climbs the height above Orta, and from the foot of its final crucifix you can see the sunrise touch the top of Monte Rosa, while the encircled lake below is cool with the last of the night. The same order of friars keep that sub-Alpine Monte Sacro, and the same have set the Kreuzberg beyond Bonn with the same steep path by the same fourteen chapels, facing the seven mountains and the Rhine.

Here, in North Wales, remote as the country is, with the wheat green over the blunt hill-tops, and the sky vibrating with larks, a long wing of smoke lies round the horizon. This country, rather thinly and languidly cultivated above, has a valuable sub-soil and is burrowed with mines; the breath of pit and factory out of sight, thickens the lower sky and lies heavily over the sand of Dee. It leaves the upper blue clear and the head of Orion, but dims the flicker of Sirius and shortens the steady ray of the evening star. The people, scattered about are not mining people, but half-hearted agriculturists, and very poor. Their cottages are rather cabins; not a tiled roof is in the country, but the slates have taken some beauty with time, having dips and dimples and grass upon their edges. The walls are all thickly whitewashed, which is a pleasure to see. How willingly would one swish the harmless whitewash over more than half the colour—over all the chocolate and all the blue—with which the buildings of the world are stained! You could not wish for a better, simpler, or fresher harmony than whitewash makes with the slight sunshine and the bright gray of an English sky.

The gray-stone, gray-roofed monastery looks young in one sense—it is modern; and the friars look young in another—they are like their brothers of an earlier time. No one, except the journalists of yesterday, would spend upon them those tedious words, “quaint,” or “old-world.” No such weary adjectives are spoken here, unless it be by the excursionists.

With large aprons tied over their brown habits, the Lay Brothers work upon their land, planting parsnips in rows, or tending a prosperous bee-farm. A young friar, who sang the High Mass yesterday, is gaily hanging the washed linen in the sun. A printing press and a machine which slices turnips, are at work in an out-house, and the yard thereby is guarded by a St. Bernard, whose single evil deed was that under one of those obscure impulses of a dog's heart—atoned for by long and self-conscious remorse—he bit the poet; and tried, says one of the friars, to make doggerel of him. The poet, too, lives at the monastery gates, and on monastery ground, in a seclusion which the tidings of the sequence of his editions hardly reaches. There is no disturbing renown to be got among the cabins of the Flintshire hills. Homeward, over the verge, from other valleys, his light figure flits at nightfall, like a moth.

The great hood of the friars, which is drawn over the head in Zurbaran's ecstatic picture, is turned to use when the friars are busy. As a pocket it relieves the over-burdened hands. A bottle of the local white wine, made by the brotherhood at Genoa, and sent to this house by the West, is carried in the cowl as a present to the stranger at the gates. The friars tell how a brother resolved, at Shrovetide, to make pancakes, and not only to make, but also to toss them. Those who chanced to be in the room stood prudently aside, and the brother tossed boldly. But that was the last that was seen of his handiwork. Victor Hugo sings, in "*La Legende des Siecles*," of disappearance as the thing which no creature is able to achieve; here the impossibility seemed to be accomplished by quite an ordinary and simple pancake. It was clean gone, and there was an end of it. Nor could any explanation of this ceasing of a pancake from the midst of the visible world be so much as divined by the spectators. It was only when the brother, in church, knelt down to meditate and drew his cowl about his head that the accident was explained.

Every midnight the sweet contralto bells call the community, who get up gaily to the difficult service. Of all duties this one never grows easy or familiar, and therefore never habitual. It is something to have found but one act aloof from habit. It is not merely that the friars overcome the habit of sleep. The subtler point is that they can never acquire the habit of sacrificing sleep. What art, what literature, or what life but would gain a secret security by such a point of perpetual freshness and perpetual initiative? It is not possible to get up at midnight without a will, and that is new night by night. So should the writer's work be done, and, with an intention perpetually unique, the poet's.

The contralto bells have taught these western hills the "*Angelus*" of the French fields, and the hour of night—*l'ora di notte*—which rings with so melancholy a note from the village belfries on the Adriatic littoral, when the latest light is passing. It is the prayer for the dead: "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord."

The little flock of novices, on paschal evenings, are folded to the sound of that evening prayer. The care of them is the central work of the monastery, which is placed in so remote a country because it is principally a place of studies. So much elect intellect and strength of heart withdrawn from the traffic of the world! True, the friars are not doing the task which Carlyle set mankind as a refuge from despair. These "bearded counsellors of God," keep their cells, read, study, suffer, sing, hold silence; whereas they might be "operating—beautiful word!—upon the Stock Exchange, or painting Academy pictures, or making speeches, or reluctantly jostling other men for places. They might be among the involuntary busybodies who are living by futile tasks, the need whereof is a discouraged fiction. There is absolutely no limit to the superfluous activities, to the art, to the literature, implicitly renounced by the dwellers within such walls as these. The output—again a beautiful word—is lessened by this abstention. None the less hopes the stranger and pilgrim to pause and knock once again upon those monastery gates.

In the exact proportion in which men are bred capable of warm affection, common sense, and self-command, and are educated to love, to think, and to endure, they become noble, live happily, die calmly, and are remembered with perpetual honors by their race, and for the perpetual good of it. RUSKIN.

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Editorial

YES, gentle reader, this is the Editorial, but do not mistake our candour in announcing the fact for any spirit of smug self-complacency. Far from it! Our frankness is due to our largeness of heart, our modesty and our extreme sensitiveness for the feelings of others. Perhaps you don't believe us? Ah, well, editors have always been the subjects of misunderstanding. What we wish you to understand, however, is the necessity for having an Editorial. Of course we have not the audacity to expect you, or anyone else, to endure our vacuous verbosity to the conclusion. But just imagine an Annual without an Editorial; rather would we conceive of cocoa without the salt or apple pie without the cheese than compel ourselves to think, beyond the bounds of all propriety, of an Annual without an Editorial.

But this, gentle reader, is the Editorial. And we are heartily cognizant of the fact that Editorials are usually made to serve some purpose. True, that purpose may, at times and in certain cases, be obscure. Nevertheless we are persuaded that most, indeed all, Editorials must serve some purpose. But to flaunt ourselves brazenly before you, or to thrust our purpose braggingly into your delicate ears—ah, gentle reader, that would be altogether too reminiscent of the proverbial pearl-casting.

As we were saying, however, Editorials must serve some purpose. And since our moral sensitiveness will not permit us to indulge in the usual panegyric and our good taste will not tolerate anything which savors of statistics, our purpose in writing must of necessity be somewhat obscure. In fact, to be quite candid, this little article fulfilled its mission several lines ago. (Rather subtle, what?) Of course we might have said all this in much less space. Our style might have been a trifle more Miltonic and our epigrams more apt. But, honestly now, don't you think we have improved the tone of the magazine? Perhaps not! Ah, well, editors always have been the subjects of misunderstanding.

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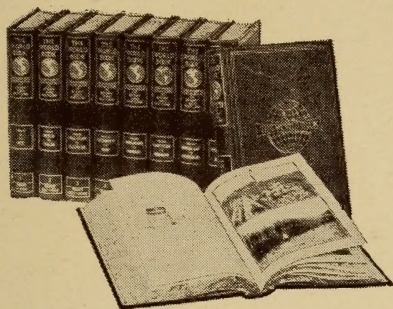
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